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CHRONICLE.

THE House of Lords on *Friday* week did a good deal of work in a short time, the Behring Sea Bill being introduced, and the Museums and Gymnasiums Bill (for the increase of that depressed interest, the rates) read a second time, as was Lord MONKSWELL's Reformatory Bill. Lord HERSHELL then liberated his perplexed soul about habitual drunkards. The House of Commons, after question time, was occupied during the entire evening with Mr. LEA's new clause for amalgamating the two branches of the Land Commission, which was for some reason opposed by the Gladstonians and Anti-Parnellites, acrimoniously debated, made the occasion of accusing Mr. BALFOUR of dreadful conduct to a good Commissioner, and carried by 136 to 83. And Mr. SMITH thinks that business will be got through by the end of next month.

A very comely and decent ceremonial attended the passing (by grace of suspension of the Standing Orders) of the Behring Sea Bill through all its stages from the second reading onwards, through the House of Lords on *Monday*. Lord SALISBURY, in moving the said second reading, took occasion to pay an eloquent and well-merited tribute to Sir JOHN MACDONALD, Lord KIMBERLEY acquiesced in most of Lord SALISBURY's sentiments, with, perhaps, less grace than Lord GRANVILLE would have shown, but very creditably, and the comic element essential to a truly British drama having been provided by Lord DENMAN, the incident closed. Whether the affair which concurrently and subsequently went on in the House of Commons—the introduction of the Government proposals for assisted (not necessarily free) education—was equally decent and comely is a matter on which, perhaps, no two Tories, nor even any two Liberals, are likely to agree. Sir WILLIAM HART DYKE undoubtedly took the bull by the horns with some felicity when he mocked himself of citations from *Hansard*, declaring that he had changed his mind, and there was an end of it. The actual proposal was, in fine, the present of ten shillings per head, or about a three-penny fee, to every School, Board or Voluntary. The Opposition, in the main, forbore to gird, but intimated (as their organs have since still more plainly done) that they meant to have "freedom" instead of "assistance," and universal slavery to Boards instead of the Voluntary system. Mr. HOWORTH and a few other Tories made decent protest, and cut, we venture to think, the best figures of the evening. The necessary resolution was agreed to, and the House adjourned. There are one or two members who—not as members, indeed, but as men—might have murmured as they went home, "I have seen sixty-two years of Tory 'changes of mind,' and some of them might have added, 'And I never knew one that did not hurt the party and the country.' But the lesson of Twenty-nine is not learnt yet.

Tuesday was in the House of Commons (the Lords read a School Buildings Bill a third time) a day of miscellanies, "wantings to know," and the like. In reply to the desire of the House for information, Mr. BALFOUR and the LORD ADVOCATE explained Government intentions as to Ireland's and Scotland's share in that plunder which in England is to be devoted to the manufacture of *raies* and *fruits secs*. Mr. BALFOUR further detailed the measures which his pacification of Ireland will enable him to carry out, and Mr. SMITH had to say something about a certain writer of loathsome letters. On the Free Education matter Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN joined the protestors in a short but manly speech, and the Bill was read a first time. Then the House returned to the Land Bill, and Sir WILLIAM

HARCOURT, having congenially dragged down the debate to the level of personalities and recriminations about Mr. Commissioner MCCARTHY, Mr. GLADSTONE, for the first time for some weeks, intervened to save his erring child from castigation, and did not. Several divisions were taken in rather thin houses, and divers amendments to Mr. LEA's clause accepted or rejected. And Mr. SMITH thinks that business can be got through by the end of July.

On *Wednesday* the perennially interesting sight of "the hangman when it comes home to him" was exhibited in the House of Commons. HER MAJESTY'S Opposition, who have been for months debating amendments to amendments to amendments on the Land Bill, had a little tiny taste, a mere relish, of the same proceeding administered to their beloved Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. And *Al*, they said, and *Ototoi*, and "Oh, won't we make the business of the country pay for it!" But naught would avail, and the Deceased Wife's Sister was adjourned.

On *Thursday* Lord SALISBURY formally laid on the table of the House of Lords the agreement with Portugal, which had been at last signed, and which has been pretty fully discussed here. In pointing out that the concession on the north of the Zambesi is balanced not only by the gain of Manica, but by others in Nyassaland and the Barotse country, Lord SALISBURY took occasion to rebuke, not undeservedly, the fashion of talking as if Great Britain could neglect her own acknowledgments of Portuguese rights. This has been construed into a quite Gladstonian attitude on Lord SALISBURY's part. Short memories are blessed things for smart journalists. A "Gladstonian attitude" on Lord SALISBURY's part would have meant the handing over of the whole of Nyassaland to Portugal and the whole of Matabeleland to the Boers. In the Lower House business was talked of, and the new coinage and other things. The Russian-Dutch Loan Bill, which by reducing interest saves a considerable sum, was read a second time, and the rest of the evening was devoted to the Land Bill. Mr. LEA's clause was finally trimmed to shape, and added to the Bill, and some other clauses and amendments were disposed of.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Little foreign or colonial news of importance reached England last Saturday. The release of the abducted Germans in Turkey, the astonishing prolongation of Sir JOHN MACDONALD's life, more gossip about England and Italy on one side, and the Russian exodus on the other, with a little Chilean news, forming the staple. The news of *Monday* included, besides the death of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, some more Chilean news, a speech by M. D'HAUSSONVILLE to the French Royalists—who, it is to be hoped, feel jolly—and an ingenious official Italian note "damping," as President KRUGER would say, the recent fables about Anglo-Italian engagements. In Portugal, we were told and were not surprised to hear, the persons responsible for the actual terms of agreement between that country and England represent it as a glorious triumph, while those who were responsible for that which fell through say that the new one is no improvement, but the reverse. For this is the way of them.—*Tuesday's* news was also very "light"; canards about Portuguese intentions of selling colonies right and left, about the CZAR having suddenly discovered that his Jewish subjects were being persecuted, and so forth, forming the bulk of it. But some intensely amusing, if true, statements as to French feeling in regard to Russia were given by the *Times* Paris Correspondent, *caput carum*, if not *nomen clarum*, to all who know of him.—Stagnation continued on *Wednesday* morning, save for the publication of an immensely funny letter from Mr. LABOUCHERE to a Frenchman, on the subject of English foreign policy, from which the guileless Gaul probably inferred that Mr. LABOUCHERE is,

and is held here to be, an authority on that subject.—A long circular note from the Chilian Junta was published on Thursday, with details of the progress of the Anglo-Portuguese Convention, the Behring Sea business, the sad sighing of the poor French souls as they sit under the willow and wear it for Russia, the preparations made in Canada for supplying the place of the late Premier, and some other things.—It was announced—we hope truly—that means have been found to remove official scruples as to the reception of GUNGHAMA's envoys, to which there can certainly be no objection; as, by the new arrangement, we are protectors of part of his dominions, and contingent reversioners to the protection of the rest. The Convention has now been signed; but the Portuguese are disturbed by the report that the redoubtable Capitan Mor GOUVEIA has turned against them and "rebelled"—which probably means no more than that the intelligent half-caste sees the winning horse in the British South Africa Company, and has put his money on it instead of on the Companhia Mozambique.

Law. The Baccarat case, on which we comment fully elsewhere, ended on Tuesday afternoon by a verdict for the defendants.—Wednesday was a day of rather unusual interest in the Courts, even after the Baccarat decision. The appeal in the Bishop of LINCOLN's case—a one-sided affair, since the Bishop does not appear, but very carefully argued between the counsel for the persecutors (we beg pardon, promoters) and a strong Judicial Committee of Lords Spiritual, Lords Temporal, and others—opened, as did the third trial of WIEDEMANN v. WALPOLE.—There were at least three curious minor cases—one between Lady MEUX and her jewellers; another in which a lodger obtained relatively heavy damages against a Bournemouth restaurant keeper for turning him out into damp beds; and a third in which the South-Western Railway was cast for, or rather compounded for, malicious prosecution on a summons for travelling without a ticket.

The Omnibus Strike. The threatened Omnibus strike broke out on Sunday, and has continued since. It is all very well to "sympathize" with men who object to working fifteen hours a day; but not the slightest sympathy ought to be extended to them when they bully others who do not object. The police news of Tuesday contained the almost incredible intelligence that Mr. VAUGHAN had refused a summons against Mr. BURNS because the driver of the omnibus was not licensed. We have the greatest respect for all sorts of benches, from those of Archbishops and Lord Chief Justices downwards, but we can only characterize this decision as a disgrace and a disaster to English law. Slight consolation was given by the HOME SECRETARY in Parliament, who, while asserting his ignorance of Mr. VAUGHAN's reasons, pointedly indicated a section of the Act which empowers any man to drive in cases of emergency, and by the very different conduct of other police magistrates, who have perceived that their function is to discourage, not to favour, riot. Attention may be called to a really pathetic remonstrance from the Secretary of the Road Car Company in Thursday's papers, and to what may be perhaps excusably called, by combining old and new slangs, a "record anility" from that middle-aged anarchy (hybrid again, but impossible to resist) Lord RIPON. "If," says Lord RIPON, "the question is between short hours and high dividends, the dividends must go to the wall." Who does Lord RIPON think is going to pay the wages for the short or any hours when the dividends have gone to the wall?

Sport. The Grand Prix de Paris on Sunday was usually uninteresting to Englishmen, no English horse of importance competing. M. BLANC's three—Clamart, Révérend, and Gouverneur—very nearly, and the two first actually, had the race between them, Révérend, though he gave way to his stable companion Clamart, beating M. DE MONTBEL's Ernak as easily as the latter beat him in the French Derby.—The Thames Yacht Club had a really good race on Saturday from the Nore to Dover; a race for once won by the first and undoubtedly the best boat, Mr. JAMESON's *Ierna*.—In cricket this day week Surrey maintained their season record by beating Gloucestershire. Yorkshire, who have not been very lucky, won well from Middlesex; and in a match which has always historic, if not always sporting, interest, the Lords and Commons beat Westminster School. On Tuesday Middlesex, who have been rather unlucky hitherto, beat Notts at Lord's; and Gloucestershire Sussex at Brighton.—The first day of the Ascot meeting gave

fine weather but moderate sport, the best horses being reserved. However, Houndsditch won the Ascot Stakes well, Ragimunde, the favourite, wanting more than the half-stone he received from Mr. LOWTHER's horse to beat him. Mr. COOPER's Melody got the better of Orvieto, Orion, and some others for the Prince of Wales's Stakes; and Mr. HOULDSWORTH's Dunure won a very good race by a short head from Flyaway in the Coventry Stakes; while Mons Meg swept the Gold Vase away from Nunthorpe and Padua. On Wednesday the programme was opened by St. Simon of the Rock winning the Ascot Derby; the Hunt Cup went to Mr. HAMMOND's Laureate II., whom Rathbeal could not catch, though he tried hard; the Coronation Stakes to Mr. BRODRICK-CLOETE's handsome Cereza; the Twenty-third Biennial to Mr. ROSE's Henry VIII., with whom Peter Flower was too heavily weighted to get up; and the Fern Hill Stakes, after a very hard-run race with Lorette, to Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD's Bumptious. The only drawback, if it was one, to the sport on Thursday was that not a few races were foregone conclusions for the excellent horses they brought out. Common (at 40 to 1) for the St. James's Palace Stakes, Amphion for the Rous Memorial, and Surefoot for the Twenty-eighth New Biennial, were, in different degrees, certainties. Bumptious in the Twenty-ninth Biennial, Goldfinch in the New Stakes, and Bel Demonio in the All-aged Stakes (the last-named with 10 st. 5 lbs. on him), distinguished themselves; and the event of the day, the Gold Cup, went deservedly to Lord HARTINGTON's Morion, after an exceedingly good race with Queen's Birthday and Gonsalvo.

On Friday week shrinking Science waited in Miscellaneous large numbers upon Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, with intent to procure the omission of the degrading word "Limited" from the title of the new Institute of Preventive Medicine. The question is a rather complicated one, *le plus clair* of it being that Science is always wanting "more." This subject has since been dealt with by the omniscient Sir THOMAS FARRER.—A very largely attended and influential meeting, chairmanned by Lord NORTON, and addressed, among others, by the Bishop of LONDON, was held last week on the subject of Free Education, and expressed itself as strongly against any interference with, or damage to, Voluntary schools by that measure. The appointment of Dr. GOTT, Dean of Worcester, and formerly Vicar of Leeds, to the Bishopric of Truro was announced; and the extraordinary claim of Miss SMITH (*in re PARK*) for twenty thousand pounds was dismissed, after an investigation perhaps disproportionate in length.—On Monday morning Lord COLERIDGE published a letter, in which he administered deserved, but too mild, rebuke to one of those persons who talk about the rights of the public (meaning thereby their own pushing impertinence) in the matter of admission to the Court during the Baccarat case.—The prices at the great picture sale of the late Mr. MATTHEWS's gallery were not individually large, though number brought up the total to nearly sixty thousand pounds. On the whole, the MÜLLERS and LEWISs sold best, and the HOOKS fairly. Mr. HOLMAN HUNT's celebrated "Finding of CHRIST in the Temple" would some years ago have fetched much more than 3,400 guineas, and those who bought the ETTYS at an average of less than two hundred had good pennyworths.—The Reverend Mr. HUMPHREYS, that sweet saint of New Tipperary, wants, it seems, the recusant shopkeepers of that mart to give up their keys to 'um when they return to SMITH BARRY and slavery. And they won't, and the Reverend Mr. HUMPHREYS moaneth "Ichabod," and no doubt sighs for the time when emancipation was not, but horsewhips were.—It was announced on Wednesday morning that the BARING liquidation, respecting which some anxiety had been expressed and hints made of a possible call on the guarantors, showed a surplus, after allowing for the great depreciation of many of the securities concerned, of at least a million; that Miss BASKETT had accepted four hundred pounds from Captain VERNEY, and that the body calling themselves the Catholic Union had naturally, but not perhaps wisely, appealed to the Royal Academy to cancel its certainly very bad bargain for the young woman without clothes who is apparently "giving a back" to a religious person, with others waiting to follow him and her.—Two gatherings of some interest, and attended by persons of distinction, were held on Thursday, one to unveil a bust of Sir HENRY LAYARD in the British Museum, which he helped to enrich with some of its most unique treasures, the other to arrange a

memorial of Archbishop MAGEE.—The Eastbourne magistrates having taken steps, in accordance with their Act of Parliament, to free their town from the pestilent abomination called the Salvation Army, it is not surprising to learn that Mr. JAMES STUART, M.P., intends to bring the matter before Parliament.

The death of Sir JOHN MACDONALD is not only a great loss to Canada, but no small one to England. We may trust that there are five hundred good as he in the Dominion; but it is an unfortunate fact that the parochial and particularist element is too often wont to get the upper hand in colonial politicians, who have every inducement to flatter local weaknesses and no very strong inducement to be true to the Empire.—Mr. CALVERT and Mr. TROWER were both men well known at Oxford and in the law; and Colonel LEBEL will be remembered at least so long as men shoot in his gun.—Dr. SPRINGER was a German historian of renown, and Mr. VALENTINE SMITH, French by language and residence, though by name and extraction English, an archaeologist of merit; while Mr. DANIEL, Q.C., was the authority on Law Reporting, Mr. FRESHFIELD one of the best known of solicitors, and Colonel D'ARCY HUNT a *sabreur* of distinction, who had served not merely in the Crimea, but in the sharp Indian fighting of the Punjab wars earlier.—Father CURCI attained a brief (we do not say a bad) eminence by showing, as a Jesuit and a Roman Catholic, independence some fourteen years ago on the subject of the temporal power of the POPE, and descended from it (we do not say that his state was the less gracious) by recanting.—Mr. JAMES BEAL was a Municipal Reformer, a phrase which "surprises by itself"; but there is no doubt that he meant well.—The stage in England has suffered a loss by the death of Mr. EDMUND LEATHES, though it is long since he has acted, and in America by that of the well-known comedian, Mr. CHARLES FISHER.

THE BACCARAT CASE.

THE great Baccarat case finished on Tuesday by a verdict for the defendants, to the displeasure of a certain portion of the mob inside and outside of Court; to the regret or relief, as regards the case generally, of others; to the surprise probably, as far as the result was concerned, of no one. It cannot, however, be said that much more surprise would have been felt by at least some not bad judges if the result had been the other way. The legal, as distinguished from the moral, evidence was by no means very strong; it was, to be pedantically accurate, catenary rather than cumulative, and some of the links of the chain did not bear much pulling at. Sir EDWARD CLARKE's closing speech, though by no means impeccable, either on the score of taste or on the score of sense, was of the class that appeals most powerfully to an ordinary jury. Jurymen are also wont to be much affected by the aroma of vague prejudice, which, no doubt, acted on the hisses among the crowd, and which makes Englishmen, by a kind of irrational generosity, assume that, if a very great man is concerned in a case even indirectly on one side, a less great man on the other is sure to be right. But there is little doubt that the jury came to the substantially just conclusion; and the conduct of the case was, in the main, excellent. If Sir EDWARD CLARKE indulged in claptrap in his closing speech, his opening one was a model of precision and correctness as well as being at least as able as the final tirade for which he has been sufficiently punished by the loss of his voice and the applause of the Reverend HUGH PRICE HUGHES. One of the junior counsel, indeed, descended to lamentable vulgarity; but he was properly rebuked by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, whose conduct of the case, on the whole, was highly creditable to him. The witnesses almost without exception gave their evidence with propriety, and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL certainly cannot be accused of bearing too hardly on the plaintiff.

Of that unfortunate person himself we shall say as little as possible, the social suicide which he has committed being too ghastly a subject for any one to care to discuss it much. Marriage is honourable in all, but it will not cover cheating at cards, which, as the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has reminded men, is a statutable offence. Amid the ocean of silly cant which has been poured forth on the occasion by smugs and prigs, certain attempts to minimize this crime have been neither the least canting nor the least silly. It is with perfect

reason and justice that the offence is regarded as one of the heaviest that a man can commit. For it answers in the social scale to the class of offences which used to include petty treason, murder and robbery under trust, and so forth, in the legal. Life might or might not be tolerable without its amusements; it is certain that its amusements would be intolerable if every one had to be perpetually on his guard against his neighbour. Besides, the mere fact that by unwritten law this is established as the thing that a man may not do is the justification of the importance attached to it. It would be easy to accumulate reasons for the horror with which it is regarded, not the weakest of which is that it has no earthly temptation to a sane man, except a filthy greed of filthy lucre. But it would be quite unnecessary to do so. A man may possibly be punished more heavily when, in the great old phrase, "he is tried 'above' for other crimes than for thieving at cards. It may, for obvious reasons, suit legislators to attach heavier legal penalties to others; but there certainly is no offence, with one exception unnecessary to name, which actually deserves heavier social condemnation. And it is exceedingly improbable that so long (which may not be very long) as society means the sphere in which the ideas and usages of gentlemen and men of honour prevail, any other offence will be put in the same bad eminence. It is one of its peculiar punishments, as well as of its peculiar turpitudes, that the man who is convicted of it actually puts himself out of the pale of repentance. He cannot so much as touch a card without exciting an idea of relapse, without creating that very atmosphere of suspicion and mutual distrust which it is the object of his ostracism to prevent.

Probably even more public interest has been really felt in the conduct of the other persons concerned as accusers and as interim arbiters in the case. It is, indeed, impossible to discuss a thousandth part of what has been said on the matter; the most remarkable thing, perhaps, being that an Englishman should have thought it worth while to inform us that foreigners are scandalized at a Field Marshal and a Prince playing cards with a lieutenant. That is not the English standard. Here gentlemen of any rank may, and do, play with each other; and the chief anxiety felt in England is whether on this particular occasion F.M. H.R.H. did play with gentlemen. It will be observed that Lord COLERIDGE in his summing up said remarkably little about a point which has been keenly discussed in private, and which excited more interest than any other in some quarters—the propriety of the steps taken when the plaintiff was first detected or suspected. In gliding over this the judge certainly did not show any lack of tact. For, as he justly observed of it and of other matters, they were matters with which the law has and the Court had nothing to do, the mere propriety or taste of a man's conduct not concerning either directly. As a matter of fact, there is, we believe, an irreconcilable difference between persons of unquestioned sense, unblemished honour, and plenty of experience of men and things and cards, on this particular point. It is better, therefore, to leave it to individual opinion to decide whether the obligation of the host to the erring guest, or the obligation to his other guests and to society in general, must dip the scale. On another point—the conduct of those who were appealed to as arbiters—there is, we think, much less difference. Some very hard things have been said of Lord COVENTRY and General OWEN WILLIAMS, as well as by implication or explicitly of the PRINCE OF WALES, for pursuing the course which they actually pursued. On the score of wisdom something may perhaps be said against them; for such a secret is certain to be no secret long, and a scandal which escapes burking in its cradle is always a far more pestilent and dangerous thing than if the burking had not been attempted. But on the score of propriety we find it very hard to find much fault with their conduct. The expedient they adopted is not a new one. It is familiar to every one who has had much acquaintance with the subject, and the breach of military etiquette or social duty implied in it is mainly, if not merely, technical. Of unfairness to the plaintiff on their part we can see nothing. He signed at his own risk; they were not going to accuse him if he did not sign; they had no control over those who would have accused him. Moreover, it has been far too much forgotten that the plaintiff, if innocent, had a remedy in his own hands, even after signing under the pressure and in the haste of which he complained. He was not bound to silence. He could have, and in strictness ought to have, gone to his com-

manding officer, or straight to the Commander-in-Chief, and have said, "Sir, I am afraid I have made a fearful mistake; but I am innocent, and I put myself in your hands." There are some people with whom his failure to do this has weighed much more than the rather scrappy testimony of the defendants, the important, though contested, fact of a subaltern in the Guards wallowing on his couch in agony at the thought of a live baronet and lieutenant-colonel cheating, the heroic epistle of Mr. LYCETT GREEN to his mother-in-law, and all the rest of the incidents which mark the sojourn in that singular establishment, where the master of the house is, apparently, the last person who is informed of anything, consulted as to anything, or allowed any voice in the selection of his guests or the provision of amusements for them.

And this brings us to the last, and undoubtedly in some respects the principal, feature of the matter—the figure which the PRINCE OF WALES cuts in it. It was inevitable that malignant and coarse attacks should be made on him on the occasion. Not only are such things the penalty which a free country pays for being a free country, but it may be frankly admitted that they are rather more violent, if less open, in countries that are not free. When any cockney or clodhopper can feel a delightful sense of superiority in censuring his future Sovereign, when any canter can hug himself on his virtue in denouncing the vices of the great, and when any dishonest politician can deal a side stroke at an institution he hates under colour of zeal for morality and religion, the style of comment in such a case can be predicted beforehand. We wish, however, that the eternal foreign jibe at *le cant Britannique* had not been justified by the censure passed on the PRINCE for "gambling" in some quarters where better things might have been expected. "Gambling" is one of those question-begging equivocations which do such infinite mischief on the tongues of knaves and in the ears of fools. To play for money, or to bet money, which you cannot pay if you lose is only less dishonourable than to cheat; and if done deliberately and habitually deserves the severest condemnation. To stake money which cripples your means of living, obliges you to be unjust to others, and so forth, is undoubtedly and seriously wrong. But the stakes at Tranby Croft were not such as to bring either of these consequences, or anything in the least like them, upon any person playing there. And that being so, no sane man will see any more harm in the PRINCE having played the game, as a game, than in the playing of sixpenny whist at a country parsonage, of lotto for sweetmeats among children, or of cup-and-ball for nothing at all by a forced idler on a wet morning. All talk to the contrary is senseless, and generally insincere, cant, which is a disgrace either to the intellects or the honesty, or both, of the persons uttering it. But whether the PRINCE was wise to go, playing and to play baccarat, to the place where he actually played it, and whether, a scandal having arisen, he was wise even in the joint interest of himself and the person incriminated to be a party to any hushing of it up, are different questions. For the rest, Lieutenant TAPPLETON, of the 97th (who also was himself a military man), shall spare us any further comment and sum up the whole matter. "Sorry," said that officer to Mr. PICKWICK, after the great detection of Mr. JINGLE, "to have placed you in this disagreeable situation. Allow me to suggest that the best way of avoiding a recurrence of such scenes in future will be to be more select in the choice of your companions."

THE STRANGE CASE OF "ENGLISH LASSIE."

THE Confessional has some faults which are familiar to Protestant controversialists. But it has a strong hold on the human heart, because it gives people opportunities for talking about themselves, and telling, in successive numbers, the stories of their lives. Probably the pious who do this with most joy are ladies. Men are less anxious, as a rule, to unbosom themselves to strangers. A queer non-religious substitute for the Confessional is provided by the conductors of several feminine journals. From a column in one of these, a column entitled "Good Form," we select an interesting revelation of private life. Some novelists, such as M. DE GONCOURT, receive confessions from ladies who are anxious to have their private and personal romances published in yellow covers, or in three volumes. A novelist in search of passion and adventure may with advantage

study the counsels and consolations given in "Good Form." The most interesting penitent is "English Lassie," who must have told a strange tale to the editor. She is comfortably addressed by him as "Poor dear girl! . . . "I do not approve of his conduct at all." But what had his conduct been? That is what we have to try to unravel. His conduct, at all events, leaves him still dear to "English Lassie." She has not dismissed him from her heart, nor, perhaps, from her hopes. "He had no right to behave so; if he was already engaged, it was scarcely honourable of him to entangle you in so dangerous a friendship." But if he was already engaged, and said so, a fair mind will ask whether it was not rather "English Lassie" who tried to entangle him? "On the other hand, we will admit that he has been very lonely." Had he not the presence of his betrothed to cheer him? Or was she absent, and was he given to pouring out his affection for her in the ear of "English Lassie"? That could not have encouraged "English Lassie," unless she was a minx who wished to cut out the gentleman from under the other lady's guns. "I feel sure," the editor goes on, "that your friendship has been very precious to him, and that the thought of it has been like a little ray of light in the darkness. But he has been very selfish in accepting it." The mystery deepens. Why darkness? Is being affianced a condition of woe and gloom, only to be lightened up a little by flirtations with another? "I should think he was very attractive and fascinating," this rather indiscreet editor goes on, barbing the lethal reed which already clings fast in the heart of "English Lassie." The whole business escapes conjecture when the editor says, "I don't see why you shouldn't write, as you suggest, and tell him you don't think the person you mention can be quite at death's door; but, my dear, why did he ever get engaged to her at all?" We should understand, perhaps, that He says that the other girl is dying, and that "English Lassie" has only to wait a while for the succession to his heart. But the editor suspects that He is marrying for money, and adds, "she seems to be so horrid, so totally unattractive, and such a very low type of woman." The editor has clearly no evidence for all this, except the statements of "English Lassie," which are not, perhaps, impartial. We wish that the Other Person and that He would also consult the editor. Our prejudices are on the side of the Other Person. She was engaged to Him, apparently, before he met "English Lassie." In common fairness she deserves the first chance. As for Him, we infer that he does not write to "English Lassie." "I can imagine," says the too wildly sympathetic editor, "the looking out for letters, the long weary times when there was silence." He has tried to shake off "English Lassie," we think, but she clings to him. This may appear a plausible view, but suddenly it seems that He is not engaged to marry any one at present. "I think if he renews his engagement, it will be better for you to give him up entirely." There can be no doubt whatever of that. If "English Lassie" does not give him up, she is unworthy of her proud title. "Cruel advice," you will think, my dear; but "English Lassie" seems to need some wholesome harshness. The whole affair is like one part of *The Ring and the Book*; we need His account of it, and the Other Person's version. But probably He will not write to the editor; men rarely do take editors so far into their confidence. Besides, He might not like to confess the sins of "English Lassie." She has probably read silly domestic novels till she is determined to be herself the heroine of some such romance. A female Young LOCHINVAR, she will carry the bridegroom off from the very altar. There is a kind of originality in this ambition. But we may misunderstand the whole situation, which is undeniably perplexing. Why is He off with the old love and not on with "English Lassie"? Perhaps, poor fellow, he is passing weary of their loves. As "English Lassie" is a Miss LOCHINVAR, He may be a male VIVIEN, annoyed by the emulous devotions of several ladies at once, and only wishing that, like VIVIEN with MERLIN, he could hypnotize them, and leave them in hollow oaks here and there about the country. To be irresistible has its drawbacks when a moral man is WERTHER. We assure Him of our heartfelt sympathy, whether he has a kind heart, like WILLIE, who came to Melville Castle, and "fain would wed them a"; or whether he merely wishes to goodness they would all leave him alone. A wise editor would have counselled "English Lassie" to imitate Miss

BROUGHTON'S SARA, who could thankfully remark that not a scrap of her handwriting was in existence. And He had better be very careful how he writes, for there is no pleasure in being engaged in several cases of breach of promise of marriage all at once.

A PAINFUL SURPRISE.

IT is the privilege of the *Times'* Correspondent in Paris to contribute at intervals to the gaiety of nations. He has seldom been more successful than he was last Tuesday. On that day he explained, in his inimitable lingo, why the French have been so deeply pained, and so unspeakably surprised, by learning that their dear friend, the CZAR, is actually capable of deciding against them in a case in which they asked him to be arbitrator. The reference was a certain dispute with the Dutch as to frontiers and rights in Guiana. It was thought "a triumph of clever diplomacy" to have secured the CZAR as judge. Not, of course, that the French supposed for a moment that the Majesty of Russia, who, "except for the fact of death, to which he 'has to submit like all other mortals, regards himself as 'the supreme representative of God on earth, would . . . 'know how to be accessible to considerations of human 'complaisance.' If this were turned into French, we should understand it better; but the general drift is clear enough. The French thought it a capital thing to have the Sovereign whom they have taken it for granted must needs be their friend for judge. It rejoiced them particularly when they learnt that the CZAR "had accepted the rôle of arbiter "only on the condition of extending his principle of arbitration beyond the narrow zone which was in litigation." After that the French felt as easy in their mind as a Scotch country gentleman of the olden time who knew that his case was going before his second cousin in the Court of Sessions. Unfortunately, the CZAR did not share the code of honour of the eminent Lord TURNIPPET. He took his work as arbiter quite seriously, and actually decided in favour of the Dutch.

To M. DE BLOWITZ, looking at the Frenchman with the advantage of long experience (and in all seriousness he knows him uncommonly well), this failure of the CZAR to play the game has produced a perceptible effect on French opinion. Not loud but deep has been the disappointment of Parisians that their next friend has behaved in this amazing manner. If he does these things for Holland, they have begun to ask themselves, "deep down in their 'hearts,' what may he not do for Germany. Journalists here and there did explain that this judgment, being "inspired by the undeviating justice and infallibility "that animated the Supreme Head of the Orthodox "Church," was a clear indication what his decision would be "whenever it was a question of restoring the "power of still mutilated France." When one remembers the absolute flunkeyism towards Russia which has been visible in the French press of late years, it is possible that something of this kind was said. But it failed to allay the natural irritation of the French. Undeviating justice and infallibility which decided against the claims of France was felt not to be of the right stamp at all. The worst of it was that it was impossible to complain. To refuse to submit to the CZAR's ruling would not only be a flagrant breach of faith, but a mortal offence to the only friend the French can flatter themselves they possess in Europe. So they brooded over it, and came to the conclusion that "the monarch on whom "they counted to restore to France certain lost and longed-for territories had taken a strange way of beginning the "duties which they had entrusted to him." The result of their brooding has been the discovery that the persecution of the Jews in Russia is "almost medieval," and is even "a violent blow given to the best fruits of the French "Revolution." M. DE BLOWITZ, as we have said, knows his Frenchman really well, and this note of his is not to be dismissed as merely fantastic. It is likely enough that the French did take it for granted that their friend would decide in their favour, not because he is their friend so much as because the claims of France are always sound. When the CZAR showed himself incapable of grasping this great truth, it was natural that they should be disappointed and should become suddenly awake to the medieval character of the persecution of the Jews, and its shocking incompatibility with the principles of '89. It is certain that the French have been obstinately silent about this persecution until

quite recently; and have now begun to talk about it after the decision in the Guiana arbitration. If their neighbours connect the two things they need not be surprised. Nothing would be more French than a belief that, because France has need of the CZAR, the CZAR is bound to love France. The counter-proposition that the species of cupboard love France has so effusively displayed to Russia for the last few years does not call for an equivalent in sentiment is one which is simply shocking to our neighbours. Everybody is bound to love the French, and those whom they condescend to consider useful should repay them with actual devotion. The discovery that a CZAR can consider them no more certain to be in the right than the mere Dutch is a cruel wound to their affections.

GLADSTONE TO THE RESCUE.

RETURNING to the House of Commons on Tuesday, after his successful conflict with the influenza, which he has left prostrate, Mr. GLADSTONE found that he had been away too long. In his absence Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has been grossly ill-treated: Mr. W. H. SMITH has trampled upon him; Mr. BALFOUR has mocked at him. Sir WILLIAM protests that it's not fair. The Parliamentary reports for fractions of a newspaper column have the aspect of a dialogue between the SPEAKER and the member for Derby, the SPEAKER's part of which consists of the telling repartee "Order, order," which has to be so frequently employed when Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is upon his legs as to acquire something of the character of a tedious repetition. "You have spoken before," says the SPEAKER. "Every-body is allowed to speak but me," replies Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, both interlocutors using not only words to this effect, but very nearly these words themselves. There is a monosyllable familiar to low-bred people which truly describes Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's language and demeanour to that august piece of furniture the Chair, and that monosyllable is "cheek." Sir WILLIAM is so far left to himself as to be guilty of what in the relations of Speaker and member, no less than in those of domestic service, is the inexpiable crime of answering back. Mr. CONTEARE and Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM are scarcely more contumacious.

Mr. GLADSTONE was a witness on Tuesday of one of the new habitual scenes which take place when Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT rises, and apparently felt that Sir WILLIAM was getting rather the worst of it, for he rushed in to his protection with an energy which showed how completely he has recovered from what we are glad not to be able to call the prevailing malady. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had begun the evening very well. He has two attitudes with respect to questions of Parliamentary order. He is either a precisian of the most punctilious type, or a licentious contemner of the ordinary civilities of debate. By some strange law of reaction, or principle of antagonism, his presentation of himself in the first mood is pretty sure to be followed by his display of himself in the second. The effort at self-restraint apparently produces a straining and fretting which presently burst all restraints. When Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT begins very well he usually ends very badly, like the conversation of Bo'son CHUCKS. Early in the Tuesday sitting he interposed with a grave, but not unfriendly, remonstrance with the Government for moving the report of the resolution on Free Education on a private members' day, annexed for the purposes of the Irish Land Bill, and for that only. True, the House of Commons had assented on Monday to this procedure, which, under parallel circumstances, was not unusual; but the assent had been given late at night; the resolution had been "snapped," as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT pointedly observed; and, though the resolution was necessary, and no particular harm had come, or could come, of it, yet he wished the Government to know that his eye was upon them, that he was well up in his "ERSKINE MAY," and that they must be careful how they did it again. Mr. W. H. SMITH treated this grave authority on Parliamentary procedure as seriously as is possible to human nature. Those who know Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT foresaw that this Parliamentary formalism portended an outbreak of Parliamentary rowdyism.

It is said, both of BALZAC and of the late Lord LYTON, and possibly without any truth in either case, that they used to dress themselves in the costume of the period and the country which they described, in order to imbue themselves with the spirit of both. SGANARELLE, in the *Festin de Pierre*, puts on a physician's robes with a singular result.

The French poet DU BARTAS is credibly reported, before producing his celebrated description of a horse, to have gone on all fours and ambled, trotted, and galloped about his apartment, snorting and neighing. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, we are confident, mentally invests himself with the shillelagh and duddon, the knee-breeches and tail-coat of the racecourse and roadside Irishman, before whooping and jiggling as he did on Tuesday in the House of Commons. He out-Healed HEALY, and did not fall very far short of Dr. TANNER, dealing with the names of Land and Fair Rent Commissioners as those worthies deal with police magistrates, accusing the Government of setting up Mr. WRENCH to knock down Mr. MCCARTHY—J. G., not JUSTIN—that is to say, for the names, we fear, will convey little to the general reader, appointing an abetter of the landlords to overrule a friend of the tenants in fixing prices for the land. The SPEAKER might, perhaps, have not improperly noticed this language. But, as he did not do so, we think that Mr. SMITH and Mr. GOSCHEN might have left it alone. It is only pretty FANNY's way. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's method of saying that an arrangement is undesirable, and that evil consequences may follow, is to say that it is corrupt, and that the intention of the Government is practically to rob the purchasing tenants for the benefit of the selling landlords. Between Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT a strictly right honourable friendship prevails, and this was Mr. GLADSTONE's explanation. Does he think that he could ever have been called on to make it for any of the colleagues of his earlier years?

THE RUSSIAN JEWS.

SUCH a movement as a popular persecution of the Jews in such a country as Russia is naturally fertile in rumours. The wealthy and privileged Jews who, according to the *Times*' Correspondent—and he is a very good authority—check talk on the subject by saying that there is a great deal of exaggeration in the accounts of the persecution, are perhaps not influenced solely by timidity. It is almost a matter of course that there should be exaggeration when on one side you have an explosion of orthodox fanaticism, and on the other the terror and anger of the race threatened with persecution. Then, too, the Russian authorities are accustomed to suppress all information on general principles, simply because it is not wholesome that there should be much talk about Russian affairs. What they cannot wholly suppress they endeavour with more or less dexterity to cook. Stories from such sources are likely to be particularly untrustworthy, and it is well to accept no more of them than can be shown to be consistent with general probability. It is not improbable that the Grand Duke SERGIUS has told the CZAR that his ukase has been harshly applied, and has been well justified in saying so. If the CZAR has been told as much, it is tolerably certain that his informant would be a member of his own family who is out of the reach of official retaliation. From what is known of ALEXANDER III., it is very credible that he was made very angry at learning of the excesses of subordinate officials. The CZAR has shown that he is a man of strong conviction and of resolution in following out what he believes to be right. To a man of his stamp individual acts of cruelty and oppression may well be offensive, and it is quite possible that he has rebuked the excessive zeal of the Moscow police.

It by no means follows that the position of the Jews who are settled out of their assigned districts will be materially improved by the CZAR's rebuke to the officials. The CZAR has ordered that his ukase shall, like the rack, be applied with as much humanity as such a thing may be. But he has not recalled the ukase. As long as it remains in force the whole Jewish body will be threatened, and Jews who are subject to its provisions will be liable to expulsion from the places in which they are earning their livelihood, and will be sent back to the districts which they had left with the connivance of the police, presumably because they had already failed to support themselves there. This is unquestionably a position of real hardship, and there is no sign that the Jews will be allowed to escape from it. The CZAR's orders that the police are not to exceed their powers are creditable to him; but, unhappily, they are likely to be very ineffectual. Few Jews will be able to make their complaint to him through so independent an advocate as the Grand Duke SERGIUS. As for less dignified channels, they will be best left alone. The sage MEMNON got little good when

he complained directly to the king against the Satrap. The good-natured monarch took the petition kindly, then referred it to the Satrap, and went on his way. The Satrap remained, and was not more favourably disposed to the sage MEMNON. VOLTAIRE is probably not much read by the Russian Jews; but their own experience has, no doubt, taught them to avoid the error of the unlucky sage. The worst of all official persecutions is that they must put great power into the hands of ignorant men, who are themselves fanatical, or who think it will promote their interests to assume fanaticism if they do not feel it. As long as the ukase remains in force the Jews will be subject to treatment which is cruel even when legal, and will often be of dubious legality. The aim of the Russian Government is becoming clearer. It is not its intention to attempt such a sweeping measure as a complete expulsion of the Jewish race. The material difficulties in the way would be enormous, and even Russia would shrink from an act of barbarism which would not only shock, but might seriously injure, its neighbours. The intention of the anti-Jewish measures is to drive the race back into the limits set for it originally, and, by frightening as many as possible into emigration, to diminish the total number. Whatever success this policy meets with, it must be economically injurious to Russia, for the Jews who emigrate will be those who have some capital, and are the more energetic. This consideration is not likely to influence the fanatical party which has the upper hand at present; nor the peasants, who hate the Jew as a money-lender. Unfortunately for the Jews, it is the fanatical party and the peasants who are the most loyal supporters of the CZAR's Government. The "enlightened" Russians who are shocked by the persecution are the Liberals, who, though they may not be actually disloyal, are suspected with good reason of favouring changes which would limit the autocratic power of the CZAR. It is easy to see which party is likely to have the more weight with the ruler of Russia.

"POUNDS AND GUINEAS."

IT is certain that Mr. MUNDELLA meant nothing complimentary to Mr. HOWORTH in comparing his protest against the Free Education Bill to the "voice of one crying in the wilderness"; and it is not to be supposed that he meant to reflect in an unfavourable sense upon himself and the other qualified or unqualified supporters of the measure. But that he should so cheerfully accept in his own and their name the position of those who turn a deaf ear to that voice is a good example of the way in which even Scriptural metaphor may be hackneyed out of all its original associations. There is, however, no doubt, we fear, that the parallel is exact enough if its suggestions are infelicitous. Mr. MUNDELLA and his political friends—and not they only, but the bulk of those who sat on the opposite side of the House—will pay little heed to the utterances of Mr. HOWORTH, of Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, and Mr. BARTLEY, and if and when called upon by their leaders they will vote steadily, not only for the principle of paying the school fees for the children of the working classes out of the taxes, but also probably for the particular details of terms and conditions under which this principle is to be applied. Nevertheless, it is noticeable, so far, that the Conservatives who intend to take this course are not so ready with their arguments as they are expected to be with their votes. It is, to say the least of it, unusual for the first three speakers from the Ministerial benches, on a Ministerial measure, to rise for the purpose of opposing or deprecating it; and what is more, to be followed throughout a whole evening's debate by but two or three supporters of the Bill, on their own side of the House, and even those of the most lukewarm and half-hearted kind. Yet, unusual though it be, it is not in the present case in the least degree surprising. The Conservative defences of the freeing of education were never of a very powerful sort, and, as it happens, one of the most trusted of them escaped by no means undamaged from the third of the three Conservative critics of the Bill. There is a good deal of force in Mr. BARTLEY's contention that the Radicals dare not attempt anything so unpopular, from its inordinate costliness, as the destruction of the Voluntary schools; and since the necessity of protecting these schools constitutes Mr. GOSCHEN's main apology for his conversion to the adopted Ministerial policy, he will have either to challenge Mr. BARTLEY's eminently strong position on this point, or to find himself reduced to a condition of argumentative destitution.

As to the other Ministerialist pleas, they consist, as far as we can discover, simply of a catchword and a fallacy—the catchword that free education is “inevitable,” that it “must come” (which is what the late Mr. PALMER observed of death when he philosophically hastened the end of the late Mr. COOKE); and the fallacy that the payment of children’s school fees is the “logical corollary of compulsion.” Even if this were the case, the logic of the consequent could only be appealed to after resort to a *petitio principii* for the purpose of establishing the antecedent. That the existence of A leads logically to the existence of B may be a reason, not for creating B, but for destroying A, and we at any rate are not so enamoured of compulsion as to hold that its abolition would be a worse evil than the acceptance of a very dangerous and demoralizing kind of Socialism. But the so-called logical sequence no more follows than a puppy the first day that he is taken out for a walk. The State is constantly compelling the citizen to perform duties at his own expense; half its business, indeed, consists in doing that; and if it chooses to decide, as it did decide in 1870, to include the education of children among imperative parental duties, it thenceforth becomes a question, not of principle, but of pure convenience, whether any, and if so what, and how much, assistance should be given to the citizen towards the discharge of this duty. It was decided to afford him very considerable assistance to this end by making the main cost of education, where voluntary effort fails to meet it, a local and Imperial public charge; but this, so far from being a reason, as is foolishly alleged, for going further, and throwing the entire burden on the community, is, on the contrary, the best of all reasons for staying where we are. Inasmuch moreover as, in obedience to the eminently reasonable maxim, *lex cogit neminem ad impossibilia*, we have made special provision for the case of those parents who can bear none of the cost of education themselves, there is absolutely no “plea of hardship” to be urged in support of the Bill. As to what does occasional duty for such a plea—to wit, the alleged difficulty of distinguishing between the cases in which the relief of school fees is deserved and those in which it should be withheld—it is plainly inadmissible, except on the assumption that the existence of administrative difficulties forms a sufficient reason for the abandonment of the attempt to administer. People who use this argument seem quite unable, curiously enough, to see that it is equally applicable to the general administration of the Poor-law, of which, indeed, the provision for remitting school fees is in reality, though not nominally, a branch. No “test” of pauperism that human ingenuity has devised, or is likely to devise, can ever succeed in discriminating unerringly between proper and improper recipients of public relief. Yet what would be said of a reformer who proposed on this ground to abandon all such attempts at discrimination, and to enact that anybody who chose to ask for it should be entitled to support or assistance out of the rates; nay, that such support and assistance should be offered to, if not forced upon, an entire class of the community? Yet it is really this, and nothing less than this, that must be the real contention of any one who bases upon the objections, such as they are, to, the present system of remitting school fees to indigent parents, the argument that all parents, whether indigent or not, should have the school fees paid for them by the State.

The provisions of the Free Education Bill were simple enough, and its principle, no doubt, will ensure it against Gladstonian opposition on the second reading. But there turns out to be, as we always predicted there would be, plenty of room for colourable resistance to it on the part of the Gladstonians in matters of detail, to say nothing of the fact that the natural and just objections by men like Sir RICHARD TEMPLE may suggest to them other amendments to be moved at a later stage than that of which Mr. BARTLEY has given notice for the second reading. The criticisms of Mr. ARTHUR ACLAND on last Monday night, which were received with the gratitude due to greatly needed contributions by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, would in themselves supply material for at least half a dozen amendments; and it must be owned, moreover, that certain provisions of the Bill as they were left in Sir WILLIAM DYKE’s otherwise lucid and well-arranged speech stand distinctly in need of further elucidation. It is certainly not quite clear how the proposal for the compulsory supply of free school accommodation will work in districts in which the 10s. grant operates to the extent only of “assisting,” and not of absolutely freeing, the already existing schools. There is a

good deal to be said, moreover, on the question as to the disposal of the surplus of the grant which will remain after freeing those schools in which the average fee is less than threepence; and it is noteworthy of the temper of the Radicals that they are already raising an outcry against its application to the reduction of Voluntary school subscription, as though it would not be equally applicable, when School Boards are in existence, in relief of rates. Apart, however, from this emergence of the ancient feud between the Radicals and the supporters of the Voluntary schools, there is enough matter for debate and discussion even in the comparatively uncontroversial portion of the Bill to render its passing during the present Session an event of the highest possible improbability. The Government will have to be content with having simply shown their Free Education Bill to the working-class voter as a pledge of the boon which they only wait the opportunity to give him. And much good may it do them! The Gladstonians now know the amount of their bid, and they have only got to make their “advance” upon it. As Mr. HOWORTH truly said, whenever “politics” are converted into a public auction, there is never wanting a party to cry ‘Guineas’ if the other side have only cried ‘Sovereigns.’ Or as Mr. BARTLEY put it, if “free schools” is to be the cry on one side, why not “free meals” on the other? And if the Gladstonians “go” that particular one better than their opponents, will the Conservatives be prepared to trump “free meals” with “free boots and shoes”?

THE CURRENT “GREAT STRIKE.”

A GREAT strike is now one of the attractions of each year. This year it is the men of the Omnibus Companies who have gone out—and are still out. Some general remarks may be made on the strike in a preliminary way. The first is that, like the dock and the miners’ strikes, it illustrates the intimate connexion between labour conflicts and fine weather. It is really summer at last, and men who have resources of one kind or another find it not wholly disagreeable to be out when it is pleasant to be in the streets, and the coal bill can be kept down. Then, too, the want of omnibuses has rather surprised London, by showing it that they also are things one can do without surprisingly well. Every one has suddenly realized the fact that their absence improves the streets, and a number of witnesses agree that it would be no intolerable misfortune if they never reappeared. We have not heard this opinion expressed by persons whose business takes them across London from North to South, or lies over the river. It may be noted, however, that it is precisely from North to South, and on the Surrey side, where the need is most real, that the omnibus continues to run. A third observation is that there has been a great deal of what may be called crude colour in the talk and writing about this strike. SCHOPENHAUER, whom it is quite the thing to quote now, has remarked, in his acid way, that the reason why journalists are all liars is the necessity they feel themselves under to represent the event of each day as of immense importance. Now, to a philosopher, most events are really of no importance at all. We are afraid that he would not have altered his opinion if he had lived to compare the startling headings printed under the words “Omnibus ‘Strike’” in the daily papers with the accounts of what actually did happen. Amazingly little damage has been done in all the rioting which is alleged to have taken place. As a matter of fact there was only one piece of real rioting; while, in the other cases, the demeanour of all concerned indicated no great unwillingness on the part of the “intimidated” drivers and conductors to yield to a little gentle violence. It has even been maintained that the men who did not go out on strike were glad of an excuse for not driving, which would enable them both to give indirect help to the men who had struck and to keep their places. Intimidation has unfortunately become so much a fixed feature of all strikes, that it would be very rash to deny its entire presence in this one. What, however, is certain, is that there has been a marked absence of anything like resolute effort to run omnibuses in spite of the strikers. Neither do we gather from the available evidence that the Companies have been alert in applying for the help of the police, or in giving the information which would direct the force how to assist them.

The public interest in the strike has, as we have already

said, turned out to be far less than had been expected. London has accommodated itself with wonderful ease to the want of what was supposed to be a necessary. It may be added, with equal truth, that only a very languid interest appears to be felt in the dispute between the men and their employers. For this there are various reasons. Strikes are becoming a little monotonous, and it is so much a matter of course that Cardinal MANNING and the others should write sympathetic letters, that their appearance hardly extorts a casual remark that they are at it again. The whole thing looks a little stale and old. But the main reason for the general indifference is, we take it, a pretty widely-extended suspicion that both parties are fighting for something which they think it prudent to keep dark. The cause of the strike first alleged—the long hours of work—seemed a very good one; but there were considerations which checked the inclination to think it sufficient. The Road Car men, who only came out after hesitation, and to support the General Omnibus Company's hands, had worked the same hours, and had made no spontaneous disturbance about them. As for the General Omnibus men, they endured the long hours almost with complacency, and refused to support the complaints of the tramway men till the Company introduced a system of checking the takings which is, rightly or wrongly, understood to be calculated to diminish their own earnings. It would appear, therefore, that they obtained an equivalent for their prolonged day's work. For the rest, the Londoner can see for himself that an omnibus-driver does not, as a rule, look like an overworked or underpaid man. Besides, at this moment the Companies are offering the men a twelve-hours day at a rate of wages which will enable any driver to earn nearly two pounds in a week of six days. Now, although an omnibus-driver is not a merely unskilled man, as he has been called, we suppose by authorities who have never attempted to drive, he is fairly well paid by what would be, with all deductions, about a hundred a year. When he refuses it unless he is paid at a still higher rate, fourteen days' wages for thirteen days' work, it is felt that he cannot be said to be a starving man agitating only for merely decent pay. Now this is the meaning of the demand for a day off in the fortnight. The manner in which the "negotiations" with the Companies have been conducted on behalf of the men by their friend Mr. SUTHERST has not told well for them. Nobody is interested or touched by learning that this person can imitate rather clumsily the swashbuckler eloquence of BURNS and the logic-chopping of TOM MANN. We know the originals too well, and are not at all interested in the imitator. It is probable that Mr. SUTHERST will help materially to keep down the subscriptions for which the men are appealing. He has injured the cause of "his unfortunate clients" most effectually by the misplaced ingenuity he showed in twisting the General Omnibus Company's offer of an average twelve-hour day into a sham. This unfairness has called off attention from the faults of the Company's own management, which have not been small. Here, again, one has a certain suspicion that more is intended, and is being done, than is at once obvious. The secrets of business men are not always easily discoverable; but it does on the face of it appear that the Companies, and, in particular, the General Omnibus, may have had reasons for not avoiding a strike, and not exerting themselves much to end it now it has begun. At least their conduct has, on the whole, appeared consistent with the existence of such concealed motives. The brutality of the professional strike wirepullers in recommending the men to coerce the Companies by starving the horses was shocking, and the disgust it caused has not been removed by their rather tardy protestations that no such inhumanity was designed. A quarrel between parties who are the reverse of frank, and have neither of them shown any genuine regard for the public convenience of which they talk, is not sympathetic. It chiefly excites satisfaction that the general annoyance caused is so much less than one side at least endeavoured to inflict.

As the Companies, after making large concessions, have at last declared they will yield no more, and have assigned their men a date by which they must come in, it is not improbable that the strike may collapse at once.

By far the most important incident of the strike has, in our opinion, been a comparatively neglected one—the amazing decision of Mr. VAUGHAN to dismiss the summons for intimidation against JOHN BURNS. Police cases are frequently so concisely reported that the real meaning of the magistrate is obscured. But there is no question of this here. The circumstances, and Mr. VAUGHAN's reasons, are

given at length. They are both very extraordinary. The agitator climbed on an omnibus belonging to the Road Car Company, and demanded to see the licences of the driver and conductor. They were not provided with them, being stablemen employed on the omnibus at a crisis. By the terms of the Act their employment for a space of twenty-four hours in case of need is perfectly legal. BURNS, however, at once announced to a mob that the employment of these men was illegal, and that they could be legitimately stopped. For this act he was arrested by the police after the usual theatrical fuss, and charged with intimidation. Then he was brought before Mr. VAUGHAN, who dismissed the summons on the ground that, as the driver and conductor were not licensed men, they could not be said to have been intimidated in the discharge of their lawful duty. Mr. VAUGHAN also ruled that a strike was not an emergency or a case of absolute necessity. These words, he held, applied only to the disablement of the driver by illness. He also dismissed a summons for assault, on the ground that the assault was purely formal. We are not concerned with Mr. VAUGHAN's law, which, indeed, does not exist; but the practical result of this decision is a matter of common sense. Mr. VAUGHAN has, in fact, laid it down that any agitator has a right to decide on the legality or illegality of any one's conduct on the spot, and to call on the mob to enforce his finding. It may possibly not have been the magistrate's intention to go so far. Like more eminent legal authorities, on a recent occasion, he has decided more than he meant; but this is what he has done. If the two men on the omnibus in Parliament Street were illegally employed, the law provides proper ways of proceeding against them. The police have well-defined powers and instructions how to use them. It was not intended by the Act that a roving agitator in a cab should be allowed to arrogate to himself the functions both of the police and of the magistrate. This is what Mr. BURNS did, and Mr. VAUGHAN has decided that he was entitled to do. The agitator had no right to interfere in the matter except as a complainant to the police. The magistrate has declared that Mr. BURNS's judgment was to be accepted as that of a competent authority. Mr. VAUGHAN's decision is the most undoubted and most scandalous piece of judicial encouragement to the methods of Unionism of which any authority has been guilty to our knowledge, and we can find for it no shadow of creditable explanation. The answers which Mr. MATTHEWS has made in the House to the questions of Radical members have—and rightly if the authorities are considering Mr. VAUGHAN's decision—been very guarded; but it is obvious that this scandal cannot be allowed to remain where it is.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL, which was supposed eight days ago to be nearing the end of its Report stage, has lingered on in that phase of its career throughout the whole of the present week. A new clause, moved by Mr. LEA, has supplied the excuse for this late revival of Obstruction, and the discussion of it has given occasion for some of the most scientific displays of the art. It is true that effrontery, rather than dexterity, was the quality principally exhibited in raising a debate which had to start from the assumption that Mr. LEA and Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, who represent tenant-farmers or nothing, were advocating a certain change in the administrative machinery of the Bill with the deliberate design of giving an advantage to the landlords. A contention of this kind need not be seriously criticized, and in dismissing it we may at the same time dismiss from our consideration the prolonged and invidious wrangle which was got up by the Irish party on the judicial merits of Mr. JOHN GEORGE MCCARTHY considered as a Land Purchase Commissioner, and on the further great question whether an arrangement under which his decisions might be reviewed by a Court containing Mr. Commissioner WRENCH was "tolerable, and not to be endured." The candid reader of the two nights' debate on these subjects—if, indeed, any reader, candid or otherwise, remain to the weariful newspaper reports of this same—may safely be defied to discover any "merits" at all in either question, or to imagine any decent pretext—save, of course, as Obstructionists count decency—for resisting so simple a proposal as that of utilizing the spare time of the Fair Rent Commissioners for the purposes of Land Purchase and therewith making the

eminently natural and judicious provision for an appeal from their decisions which is planned by Mr. LEA's clause.

Nevertheless, Mr. SEXTON was equal to the occasion. He opened the ball with an elaborate attack on the clause as soon as it was moved last Friday week; and "pretty to see" how the occupants of the Front Opposition Bench, even to the Great (and good) PANJANDRUM himself, were one by one compelled to join in the Irish dance. Earliest to "take the flure" was Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, who found out, directly Mr. RUSSELL finished his speech in support of it, that the new clause had "assumed enormous gravity." Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, also, took a turn or two on Friday night, but his great performance was reserved for the following Tuesday, when, somewhat late in the course of the adjourned debate, he revealed the portentous secret that the Government were actuated in supporting the new clause by the desire to secure to Irish landlords excessive prices for their land; though he did not add that in their diabolical cunning they hypnotized one representative of the Irish tenants to introduce the clause and another to support it. Against this highly offensive—and therefore thoroughly Harcourtian—imputation the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, with natural warmth, protested; whereupon Mr. GLADSTONE found himself drawn into the discussion by the duty of rebuking Mr. GOSCHEN for his rashness in charging Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT with the use of violent language without quoting the language to which he referred. Perhaps violent might not have been quite so appropriate a word as virulent; but the exact term used to describe Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's calumny is not very material. The point is, that a member of the late Government should impute to the present Government that they have conceived a design of packing the tribunal which is to administer the Land Purchase Act, with the purpose of unfairly enriching the Irish landlords by the defraudation of the English taxpayer. That is all: only that and nothing more. It really does not matter much whether you describe it as an infamous slander or as a soft impeachment or even as a pretty compliment. There it is, in black and white, in the newspaper reports, and everybody who reads it, and who knows what the word swindling means, whether coupled or not with the adjective official, will be quite able to judge for himself of the character of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's charge and of Mr. GLADSTONE's insinuated defence of it. His right hon. friend of course was, according to him, only arguing that the effect of the proceedings of the Government would be to get the Irish landlords exorbitant prices for their land; but the distinction between causing and intending to cause this would have perhaps been more prosperously worked out if the Irish members had refrained from loudly cheering any remark which implied that the distinction was illusory. It is a little awkward when, to the direct question "Do you deliberately charge me with administrative fraud and corruption?" one of two accusers hums and ha's while the other shouts "Hear, hear." There is no doubt, however, that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and, for that matter, no doubt, Mr. GLADSTONE too, was engaged in thinking "Hear, hear," so to speak, though they did not shout it. They had borrowed the imputation from their Irish friends—indeed, it was clear, after the persistence with which it had been urged below the gangway, that they had no choice but to take it up—and as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT never does things by halves, and when he follows the lead of rowdiness is ready to go all lengths with it, we cannot doubt that he was willing to subscribe his name to this piece of Nationalist slander in its worst and most odious interpretation.

On Thursday, after a still further prolongation of the empty dispute of the two previous sittings, the Obstructionists above and below the gangway at last consented to let the Bill proceed, Mr. BALFOUR having met their professed anxiety as to the transaction of business in the Land Courts by inserting a clause providing that the Land Commissioners should not take part in the sanctioning of purchases under the present Bill "until the fair rent appeals lodged on or before the first day of June, 1891, shall have been disposed of." And, this subject of wholly needless contention removed, the Committee passed to the discussion of what was perhaps the only remaining question of principle likely to be raised before the Bill leaves the House of Commons. Mr. SEXTON moved an amendment with the view of enabling evicted tenants to become purchasers of their holdings with the consent of present occupiers, if any, by means of advances, made for the purpose of compensating such occupiers, from the Irish Church

Fund. The insertion of the qualifying words "with the consent of the person so in occupation" marks a salutary abatement of the pretensions of Mr. SEXTON and his friends. We wish it might imply a still more salutary awakening to certain moral considerations to which they have hitherto been insensible. It is no longer proposed to evict, practically, the occupier who has come into a vacant holding in disregard of the threats and molestation of conspirators, and to reinstate the man who has begun by breach of a contract with his landlord, and gone on to commit outrage on the freedom of his neighbours. The crestfallen supporters of the defunct Plan of Campaign have at last come to perceive that this attitude at any rate is no longer a possible one, and that the time is come for them to "sing small." And very small indeed they do sing, from Mr. SEXTON and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR below the gangway to Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN on the front bench—Sir GEORGE, who has now found out that the Land Purchase Bill is "noble in its conception," and that it only needs the introduction into it of this *pour-boire* to the participators in a fraudulent conspiracy to render it a perfect measure. Mr. BALFOUR, however, was very properly proof against these blandishments. He has no desire—as, indeed, no one has who is capable of weighing the culpability of the evicted tenants against that of the eloquent gentlemen who cajoled them out of house and home, and who are not likely, we regret to think, to be left without a roof, even though it may sometimes be the property of HER MAJESTY, over their own heads—to bear hardly upon these unfortunate victims of political self-seeking; and if, as Mr. BALFOUR says, the money which might be required to induce a tenant to leave his holding were forthcoming from any private source, its use for that purpose need not be regretted. But it is a little too much to ask that money publicly allocated by Parliament, with the guarantee of the British Exchequer, to legitimate Irish paupers should be employed for the purpose of restoring to their holdings persons who had engaged, from whatever motive, in an agrarian conspiracy. Nor can we even go so far as Mr. BALFOUR in admitting that his objection is, or should be, mitigated by the fact that the money would not go into the pockets of the reinstated tenants. No advance does so in any purchase transaction; its immediate destination is the pocket of the landlord from whom the holding is purchased. But its ultimate effect is to put the purchasing tenant in possession of certain solid material advantages in the shape of the proprietorship of his holding; and to this object it would equally be dedicated whether it was paid to the landlord for the purchase of the holding, or to a present occupier for "turning out."

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

IT may be permitted to an Englishman—using the word in its widest sense as the name of all the white subjects of HER MAJESTY—to begin a notice of the late Sir JOHN MACDONALD by noting that he held a position which no man not born under the ruler of England could have held in any past time, or could hold now. He won himself the position of a statesman in a great community which was yet a colony of this Empire. The State which he governed has the resources and extent of many independent nations; but it was, of its own free will, only a part of a greater whole. If his father had not chosen to emigrate while the son was still a boy, Sir JOHN MACDONALD would, in all probability, have won his way to distinction in the mother-country. The best education his native country could supply would have been as accessible to him in Scotland as in Canada; and to a man of his faculty and capacity for work the Bar would have been as convenient a stepping-stone at Westminster Hall as at Toronto. As a Parliamentary politician there is no reason to suppose that his capacity would have failed of its reward in any constitutionally governed country. The methods by which elections are won and parties are held together are not always free from smirch; but a ruler must, in the main, be judged by what he does in power, even though, in BACON's phrase, he has risen to dignities through indignities. It was not intrinsically honourable to CHOISEUL that he rose by the help of LA POMPADOUR, though it may be to his honour that he refused to retain his position at the price of an alliance with Mme. DU BARRY. Yet nobody has denied that CHOISEUL was a great Minister, and sincere in his efforts to secure what he

believed to be the good of France. The gerrymandering and bribery of the constituencies by which Sir JOHN MACDONALD fortified, if he did not secure, his long tenure of office, are the modern democratic equivalent for the old-fashioned alliance with the King's mistress. Essentially, they are about as honourable as, though less agreeable than, their predecessor. Still, they are the conditions of the fight, and they must be conformed to by him who would win. After all, the great question concerning every fighter is, What did he do with his power when he had obtained it?

To that question an answer can be given which is almost wholly honourable to Sir JOHN MACDONALD. His commercial policy was entirely wrong according to the principles which have been accepted in the mother-country. He had no scruple in imposing duties on imports from England for the purpose of protecting Canadian industries. In this respect he shared the views of those English politicians who protected England against the competition of Irish woollen goods and cattle. But he had no more intention than they that these commercial taxes should lead to a disruption of the Empire. There is absolutely no ground for supposing that he was other than perfectly honest in his declaration made during the late general election that he would die as he had lived, a subject of the QUEEN. Whatever measures he might introduce in Canada were meant to make the continuity of the Empire more and not less stable. It cannot be denied that during his life he succeeded triumphantly. The party which he led for so many years is still in power in Canada, and it is committed heartily to the policy which he had always defended. Sir JOHN MACDONALD was no mere "machine" politician of the latest and worst American stamp. If he was not, as he has been called, the founder of the Canadian Federation, he at least helped materially to found it; and it was largely his doing that it has hitherto worked smoothly. The whole extent of the credit due to him for his management is not easily realizable by Englishmen. Yet it requires no great effort to understand in the main what a feat it has been to keep a community in which a large minority is French, Roman Catholic, and united, while a not overwhelming majority is English, Scotch, Irish, partly Roman Catholic, partly Protestant, and by no means united, together, so that it has worked with some uniformity of aim and of national sentiment. By the confession of his Parliamentary enemies themselves Sir JOHN MACDONALD did this. On their showing, then, he proved himself the greatest master of his weapons in that field on which it was his fortune to fight. After all, a man can do no more anywhere, and the conditions are far from easy in Canada. When it is remembered that his object all through was to preserve the unity of the Empire, it is not for us to be grudging in our admiration of him.

THE MODERN ADVENTURESS.

THE case of COLE v. PARK, finally decided by Mr. Justice ROMER, after a long hearing at the close of last week, is one of the oddest and most impudent which ever came before a court of law. Miss MARGARET JOSEPHINE SMITH and her accomplices did the thing thoroughly while they were about it. When documents were wanted they forged them. When witnesses were required they suborned them. They are, in fact, to other fraudulent claimants what the man who sold brooms at fourpence was to the man who sold brooms at sixpence. "I cannot," said the more expensive dealer, "make out how you manage to keep your prices so low. I steal my twigs and steal my binding and steal my handles. Yet I can't make it pay for less. What is your secret?" "I steal my brooms ready-made." The plan which Miss SMITH sketched out for herself was at once simple and enterprising. She was to become the object of lavish bounty from the estate of the late Mr. C. J. PARK, nor would she in the circumstances refuse to marry Mr. C. J. PARK's son. For thirty thousand pounds she would take the son. If the son would not take her, she was to receive twenty thousand pounds as consolation for the *spretæ injuria formæ*. It may be said that very little ingenuity was required to put forward such a scheme as this. But to corroborate it, to make it look probable, to collect such evidence as a solicitor would lay before counsel and as counsel would argue, did really demand some exercise of the intellectual powers. Miss SMITH, who was above the

miserable expedient of calling herself VAVASOUR or MONTMORENCY, felt equal to the occasion. She was clearly persuaded in her own mind that an action would lie if the witnesses did. First of all, she produced a deed, dated the 23rd of March, 1886, and purporting to have been signed by Mr. PARK the elder. Then came a letter of instructions apparently addressed by Mr. PARK to the solicitor who drew the deed, and next a communication from the same gentleman to Miss SMITH's own solicitor. This last document was a clever stroke, intended to operate as one of those "undesigned coincidences" to which a famous Archdeacon attached so much importance. It referred to this deed, and to the deed's history, as if the incident were perfectly familiar both to its writer and to his correspondent. A cloud of witnesses, who darkened Mr. Justice ROMER's Court for several days, were prepared to swear that all these documents are genuine. They went, indeed, one step further, and there, perhaps, Miss SMITH made a mistake. They swore that young Mr. PARK had promised to marry her, which he stoutly denied. At this point we do not quite trace the workings of Miss SMITH's mind. She was not suing PARK, junior, for breach of promise, and we should have thought that, if she were telling the truth, it was immaterial whether he had proposed to her or not.

This, however, is exactly the way in which some of the most skilful artists in practical fiction break down. Living in a world of their own creation as unlike the Palace of Truth as need be, they cannot always bear in mind what, if their narrative were authentic, the actual situation would be. They are so afraid of not proving enough that they endeavour to prove too much. According to Miss SMITH, the younger PARK was a dissolute man, whose father wished to reform him by marrying him to the claimant. It is unfortunate for this theory that she has been some months in prison for fraudulent conspiracy, although this was long after she made the elder PARK's acquaintance and within three months of his death. PARK died on the 4th of January, 1887, some time after the execution of the alleged deed. The first question was, Did he ever execute it at all? His son and daughter never heard of it in his lifetime. The wording of the deed was peculiar, and the signatures were not in their usual places. Miss SMITH said she had had it for three months before PARK's death, so that she would have become possessed of it nine months after it was signed. It was not drawn by Mr. PARK's regular solicitor or by any lawyer whom he was known to have ever employed. Of the three witnesses, two were strangers, and the third a discharged servant. The discharged servant was named ALLISTON, the two strangers MICKLETHWAYT, and PAUL. MICKLETHWAYT has been struck off the roll of solicitors. PAUL has been convicted, along with Miss SMITH and her sister, at the Old Bailey. It shows a good deal of nerve on Miss SMITH's part that, when in search of corroborative testimony which would bear the ordeal of cross-examination, she should turn to her old companion in the dock as capable of assisting her cause. MICKLETHWAYT and PAUL were separately cross-examined, on the system applied by the prophet DANIEL to the Elders who accused SUSANNAH, and with the same result. MICKLETHWAYT said that the deed had been executed at Gordon Lodge. PAUL selected Auckland House as the scene of the ceremony. Miss SMITH's counsel, who fought a losing battle with extraordinary spirit, attempted to make this discrepancy serve the cause of his client. If, he argued, the plaintiff's story was a concoction, these men would have arranged to swear alike. Unfortunately for this theory, MICKLETHWAYT altered his evidence when he heard of PAUL's, and tried to make the two tales coincide. He had previously admitted that he had witnessed Mr. PARK's signature without seeing Mr. PARK sign, and was on the whole about as good a witness for the other side as could well have been found.

Mr. Justice ROMER came to the conclusion that this precious deed was really prepared neither at Gordon Lodge nor at Auckland House, but at the office of a solicitor named LOMAX. Mr. LOMAX was called, and swore that Mr. PARK had come to his place of business and personally given him instructions to prepare the deed. But he was confronted with a letter of his own dated about a year after Mr. PARK's death, declaring that he had not been instructed by Mr. PARK, and mentioning that his instructions came from Miss SMITH. After this, it is not surprising that Mr. Justice ROMER should have disbelieved LOMAX on his oath, though there was, in his instance, no obvious motive for perjury.

The actual concoction of the deed is still somewhat obscure, though it is not impossible that light may hereafter be thrown upon it in a criminal Court. LOMAX produced a call-book with entries in MICKLETHWAYT's handwriting, and one of these described a visit from Mr. PARK. The judge refused to rely upon any entry made by MICKLETHWAYT, but suggested that there may have been a dishonest personation of Mr. PARK. But whom was it necessary to deceive? The letter of instructions for the deed, which bore Mr. PARK's signature, or an imitation of it, was in the writing of ALLISTON, the discharged servant already mentioned. ALLISTON swore that he wrote it by Mr. PARK's orders, and that PARK signed it in his presence. Unluckily, the letter was dated 18/10/85, and ALLISTON said he wrote it on a Friday; whereas the 18th of October, 1885, was a Sunday. Moreover, the woman who professed to have "attested" it—as if a mere letter would need "attestation"—had previously denied that she ever attested any document with ALLISTON. "MICKLETHWAYT," added the judge significantly, "said he saw a blank sheet of paper in Miss SMITH's possession, and this may account for much." But, perhaps, the most delightful part of the documentary evidence in this detectable case was the letter of the 29th of October, 1886. This *piece justificative* purported to be addressed to Miss SMITH's solicitor, signed by PARK, attested by MICKLETHWAYT and PAUL. The same old gang, at the same old game. But here their witness agreed not together. MICKLETHWAYT repudiated the letter altogether, and said he had had nothing to do with it. PAUL swore MICKLETHWAYT had dictated it, and the statement may have been as true as the other, if there can be degrees of truth. Mr. Justice ROMER thinks that the crew fabricated this letter because they felt they had not done enough for success, even if they had done enough for fame. But in that event their resolution did not hold.

Miss SMITH was good enough to explain that she would have been able to favour the Court with many more documents, equally authentic with those actually produced, if she had not suffered an untoward and untimely loss. While she was in Holloway Gaol, a valuable box of papers belonging to her disappeared; and, reluctant as she is to suspect any one of misconduct, she cannot help believing that the Governor may know more about it than he would be willing to admit. Mr. Justice ROMER does not believe that the Governor stole this box. He does not even believe that there was any box to steal. But Miss SMITH may, perhaps, have an early opportunity of making further inquiries on the spot. Meanwhile Miss SMITH was rather unlucky in the production of her supplementary correspondence. She wrote, for instance, a feeling account of Mr. PARK's paralytic stroke. But then she wrote it three days before the calamity occurred, and prophets are bad witnesses in this prosaic world. More, there was a letter of the 8th of September, with an envelope dated in August, which also seems a little awkward from a superficial point of view. The affidavits were no better than the rest of the paper with which the case was strewn. One purported to have been made by a baronet—not that that is much security nowadays. But this baronet is dead, and was, at least on one occasion, personated by one of Miss SMITH's highly respectable witnesses. Another witness, EMMA MANSELL, described how she and Miss SMITH concocted an affidavit together, Miss SMITH paying her ten shillings for her part of the job. The only consideration which can account for such a claim having been prosecuted to such lengths is that its very strangeness was relied upon to give it plausibility. HUME's familiar canon was urged on behalf of the plaintiff. Was it not more probable that an eccentric old man made an odd gift to a woman on a curious condition than that a heap of outrageous lies should be supported by a mass of barefaced forgeries? *A priori* such an argument might hold water. But when the documents and the witnesses came into Court they proved exactly the opposite of that for which they were designed.

THE MUTINIES OF 1797.

II.

THE immediate cause of the second outbreak of the Channel Squadron was the Admiralty order of May 1, of which we spoke last week. This order was to be inserted in the general instructions between the clauses providing for the reading of the

articles of war and for the rating of the ship's company. Among other things, it directed the captain to "see that the arms and ammunition belonging to the marines be constantly kept in good order and fit for immediate service as well in harbour as at sea." At the end was a general direction to officers to be ready "on the first appearance of mutiny to use the most vigorous means to suppress it, and to bring the ringleaders to punishment." Hitherto the inspection of the marines' arms had been left to the marine officer. That a change should be made at this moment was not unnaturally considered an ominous sign by the men. The purpose for which it was made was clear enough to crews which were from the very nature of the case in a state of "preternatural suspicion." Neither the arrival of the order nor its purport could be wholly concealed, though the captains were as reserved as they possibly could be. Rumours leaked out in an exaggerated form, and had the very worst effects on the minds of the men, who were already angry at the apparent delay on the part of Parliament to vote the money required to make good the promises of the Admiralty. This delay was undoubtedly a mistake. Pitt, looking too exclusively to the dignity of the Government, had decided that it would be the more becoming course to grant the money by a silent vote. As a mere matter of Parliamentary manners he was probably right; but it argued a certain want of imagination on his part that he did not realize the effect the silence of the House would produce on the sailors. The necessary forms of business might have made it impossible to bring the motion in sooner, but some notice might have been taken of the petition of the sailors to the Commons. Pitt decided otherwise, the Admiralty acted in its own injudicious way, and the mutiny broke out again at St. Helen's just two days before Parliament voted the 372,000*l.* required to provide for the increase of pay.

The disturbance appears to have begun again on board the *Duke*, a three-decker, which had been the vessel immediately ahead of Rodney's flagship in the line of battle in the great battle off Dominica in 1782. The crew forced their way into Captain Holloway's cabin, and insisted on seeing the menacing Admiralty order. Holloway had destroyed it, foreseeing the effect it was likely to produce if made public. The crew were not to be stopped. They seized Holloway, and sent a message to the Admiral demanding a copy of the order, with the threat that they would hang the Captain or inflict "a degrading punishment"—in other words, flog him—if it was not produced. This was mutiny pure and simple, but Bridport was helpless, and the order was given up. Of course, it was instantly sent round the fleet to exasperate the prevailing ferment. This seems to have happened on the 5th or 6th of May. On the 7th, Bridport, having heard that the French fleet at Brest had dropped down to the outer harbour, hoisted the signal to proceed to sea. Thereupon the scene of the previous 15th April was repeated. The red flag was hoisted, ropes were reeved at the yardarm as a threat to "traitors" who should fail to support their fellow-members of the crews, and the officers were disarmed. The fleet was divided. The bulk of it was at St. Helen's, while Admiral Colpoys, with his flagship, the *London*, and the *Marlborough* remained at Spithead. From the deck of the *London* the coming and going of the boats among the ships at St. Helen's was distinctly visible. Judging rightly that the mutiny had broken out afresh, Colpoys decided to make a fight for his authority. He turned up his crew, and asked them whether they had any complaints to make. They answered they had not. Whether Colpoys overrated the meaning of the answer or not, he certainly decided to fight. The men may only have meant that, unlike the crew of the *Marlborough*, who had particular grievances, they had no complaint to make of their officers. It did not follow that they were disposed to break away from the rest of the squadron. The question was soon put to the test. Boats were seen coming into Spithead from the ships at St. Helen's. They could only be bringing the delegates on their way to demand the adhesion of the *London*. Colpoys at once paraded the marines on the quarterdeck, stationed sentries at the sally ports, and gave orders that the boats were to be fired on if they insisted on coming alongside. Then he ordered the sailors below. Some obeyed, but it was noted as a bad sign that among those who went below were the three warrant-officers, the boatswain, the gunner, and the carpenter. A portion of the crew, including, as would appear, all the real sailors, collected in a group forward, and stood there facing the admiral, who remained with his officers and the marines on the quarterdeck. The delegates came alongside, and were warned off by the sentries. They then appealed to the crew, and with effect, for the men in the forecabin began to stir, and some of them started to unlash one of the forward guns and train it on the quarterdeck. Bover, the first lieutenant of the *London*, threatened to fire if they did not desist. Some of the men were cowed, but one of them, made of stouter and more dangerous stuff, dared the lieutenant to fire. Bover took him at his word, fired, and shot him dead. If the crew had been really wavering,

and the marines steady, this act of vigour would probably have quelled the mutiny. But, in the spirit they were in, it had a directly contrary effect. The whole crew broke out at once. The men forward rushed aft; those below rushed on deck; the marines broke from their ranks and mingled with the sailors. As might be expected in such a scene, different accounts were given of what happened. There was certainly a fight, in which several of the mutineers, a midshipman, and the officer of marines were more or less severely wounded. As a matter of course, the officers were soon overpowered. It is extraordinary that no harm was done to Colpoys himself. He attributed his escape to the fact that he faced the mutineers all through. They seem to have preserved some respect for him personally. According to one story, a mutineer who called him "a d—d b—y rascal" was silenced by his fellows with the threat of being thrown overboard; and another, who aimed a musket at him through a grating, had his weapon knocked out of his hands. But the men appeared determined to go to all lengths against Bover. He was dragged to the fore-castle, and a rope prepared to hang him at the yard-arm. The noose was actually round his neck, when Colpoys manfully came forward and declared that the lieutenant had acted by his orders. It shows how strong the tradition of discipline was among the crews still that this was accepted as a justification. One of the topmen is also said to have appealed to the mutineers to spare Bover because "he was a brave boy." The Admiral and the topman contrived between them to save his life. Of course the *London* now joined the other ships, and the *Marlborough* with her. Colpoys and Bover were, after some discussion whether they should not be tried on board, sent on shore for trial. The coroner's jury which sat on the mutineer found a verdict of justifiable homicide. The wounded midshipman and marine officer were carried to Haslar, but the sick and wounded seamen in the hospital showed such a savage determination to do them a damage, that the authorities found it necessary to transfer them to a private house.

This second phase of the mutiny lasted from the 7th to the 15th of May, and was in all ways worse than the first. Many of the officers were set on shore by the men, and among them, Admiral Alan Gardner, who had, idly enough, drawn his sword on the delegates in the cabin of the *Queen Charlotte* during the first stage of the mutiny. It is said that when told that a cutter was manned to take him on shore, he replied that he should at least be allowed his barge, and that the barge was allowed him. When the news of the mutiny reached London the Admiralty had recourse to the officer to whom it might well have appealed at the beginning. It sent Howe down on the 10th with the Act just passed by Parliament for the increase of pay, and the King's pardon. It was the Admiral's last piece of service, and a more disagreeable one could hardly have been found, for he had in fact to notify the surrender of Government to the mutineers. It was a duty, however, which he could not possibly refuse, for there were no means of coercing the men, and they would apparently not be convinced that no deceit was intended except on the word of "Black Dick." Howe did the work in his usual solid way. He met the delegates on board the *Queen Charlotte*, and persuaded them to promise that the fleet should return to duty. The promise was kept. The squadron went to sea at once, and there was an end of what is commonly called the mutiny at Spithead, but was in fact the double mutiny at Spithead and St. Helen's. If the disorder had ended here the movement would have stood altogether alone among military seditions. Certainly no body of mutinous men was ever provoked by more genuine grievances, and none ever behaved with greater moderation on the whole. But it was not in the nature of things that it would stop here. The men had tasted the pleasure of defying authority, which is, of itself, corrupting. During the second outbreak they objected by name to over a hundred officers of all ranks from Colpoys down to two masters-at-arms. All these officers were left on shore when the squadron put to sea. The Admiralty did not try them, and it did keep them on full pay; but it did not restore them to their ships. This was, of course, a very bad example, and could only serve to convince all crews that they could get rid of any officer they pleased. If the prime seamen had preserved their influence throughout the fleet, the agitation might have died quietly. But these men soon made the discovery commonly made by any class which has headed a revolt against one above. It had set an example to those below. In the Channel, where the quality of the crews appears to have been above the average, there was no more open disorder, though the mutinous feeling continued to require watching. On other stations, where the quota men and the convict element were more fully represented, the example set at Spithead was followed, and this time the leaders were seditious agitators of the stamp of Parker and Bott.

THE CHANTREY FUND AGAIN.

POOR Mr. Calderon must rue the day when he turned over his books in search of an effective subject, and fell by chance upon *The Saint's Tragedy*. He is really to be pitied. Even at Dotheboys Hall, when the young gentlemen had been caned for turning up their noses at cow's liver broth, it was no part of Mr. Squeers's educational system to make them walk round the desk and be caned again. It was Mr. Calderon's misfortune to occupy the public journals during the Whitsuntide recess. He and his "St. Elizabeth" were the untimely gooseberry of an empty week, and a very harsh time of it they enjoyed. But there came an end to Whitsuntide; and in the flow of events—the wrongs of Ouida, deaths, marriages, and scandals galore, a thousand new interests—St. Elizabeth was swept into a peaceful backwater. And now it has all begun again. We are sincerely sorry for Mr. Calderon.

We were among those who were not able to approve the judgment of the President and Council of the Royal Academy in buying Mr. Calderon's "St. Elizabeth" under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. We gave, at the time, our reasons for being unable to congratulate them on this choice. But our reasons were far, indeed, from being those which have actuated Mr. Calderon's latest tormentors. The letter which the Duke of Norfolk has written to the *Times*, and the extraordinary manifesto of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, are documents of a nature against which we feel it our duty to protest, quite as strongly as we did against the action of the Council of the Royal Academy in this particular instance. The Duke of Norfolk and his supporters on the Council of the Catholic Union demand nothing less than that Mr. Calderon's picture should be excluded from exhibition in company with the other Chantrey purchases, and should, in fact, not be added, even now, to the national collection. To this demand the President and Council of the Royal Academy have replied by a dignified refusal to consider the proposition. They have "respectfully declined to take any steps to prevent the work from being added to a national collection of pictures." They are perfectly right to take up this position, and we commend their firmness.

It is a curious thing that the Duke of Norfolk and those Roman Catholics who have actuated him in this matter should not perceive the absurdity of their demand. The terms of their objection to the picture are too funny to be travestied. Mr. Calderon's "St. Elizabeth" is not to be exhibited because "the effect of the picture upon ill-informed Protestant spectators must necessarily be to create a prejudice against the Saint and her religion." There would really be no end to the matter if the anxiety of minorities for the feelings of majorities were to be consulted in this way. Neo-Pagans might insist on the removal of Sir F. Leighton's "Andromeda" on the score of the effect it would have in prejudicing ill-informed Christians against the gods of Hellas. The whole body of Women's Rights' ladies might desire Mr. Stansfeld to demand, through the *Times*, the destruction of Mr. Waterhouse's "Sirens," as likely to give ill-informed gentlemen the impression that the female sex used to end in claws and feathers. No arguments could be more flimsy than those presented by the Duke of Norfolk, and we find ourselves in the peculiar position of agreeing with him specifically, while we wholly dissent from him in principle.

We are afraid that this correspondence with the Catholic Union will but encourage the Royal Academy in ill-doing. By the very foolish action of that body, the Council of the Royal Academy has been put in the right in a matter upon which it was wholly in the wrong. We feel bound to say again very distinctly what we conceive the duty of the Royal Academy to be in the disposal of the funds of the Chantrey bequest. It is certainly no part of that duty to consider the prejudices of any religious minority. It has no more to consider whether a picture is likely to have a bad effect upon "ill-informed Protestant spectators" than to consider how it will affect astrologers, or omnibus-conductors, or baccarat-players. The Council of the Royal Academy has to look about for the best works of art of the year, and to endeavour to secure them. It is not bound to spend the money in any given year; but it is doubtless convenient, and it seems to tally with what we know of Sir Francis Chantrey's intention, that, if it is reasonably possible, that sum, or a considerable part of it, should be spent every year. But the law demands that what is bought should be the best art of the year, in the belief of the Royal Academy, and so far as the purchase of the best art happens to be possible. The Royal Academy has often purchased works which have done full credit to its choice. Sometimes the selection has been admirably free from any suspicion of Academic prejudice. We need only refer to the purchase of Mr. John Collier's "Last Voyage of Henry Hudson," in 1881, of Mr. Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," in 1887, of Mr. Swan's "Prodigal Son," in 1889, and of Mr. George Clausen's "Girl at the Gate," in 1890. In sculpture the

Council has occasionally bought admirable works from artists, such as Mr. Thornycroft and Mr. Onslow Ford, who were then not yet members of the body. This year they deserve commendation for purchasing the excellent group in bronze by Mr. Bates. But a dozen good actions are apt to be obscured by one bad one, and the Royal Academy is not clear of the charge of sometimes looking about too hastily, and not widely enough. We do not wish to say anything needlessly disagreeable to Mr. Calderon, who has been enjoying "a parrot's time." His picture is not a very bad one, but it is far from being the best he has painted, and it is still further from being the best picture of the year. Let it be clearly understood that the duty of the Council of the Royal Academy, in administering the Chantrey Fund, is not, indeed, to guard ill-informed Protestants against a mistranslation of the words *eruit et nudavit*, but to purchase the works in painting and sculpture which show the highest technical skill in each particular year.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

M GEORGES OHNET'S novel, *Serge Panine*, is not a remarkable specimen of contemporary French literature in its original form of a novel, but as a play it seems doomed to failure. The plot though dramatic is not theatrically so—a distinction with a difference. Mr. Clement Scott made a version of the piece; but his was not the one selected by Miss Genevieve Ward on Thursday last to introduce her pupil, Miss Burney, at the Avenue, and this was, perhaps, unfortunate, for the drama produced is singularly ill-constructed. It, however, fulfilled its purpose. Miss Burney proved very early in the play that she had been trained by her accomplished teacher in the best school of acting. Jeanne is not a particularly interesting character; but in several scenes Miss Burney exhibited genuine feeling and dramatic insight. It would be impossible to overpraise the fine acting of Miss Ward herself as Mme. Desvarennes—a veritable "creation," full of force and life—perhaps a trifle too stern, but still immensely clever and artistic. Miss Ward was greatly and deservedly applauded. Her companions, including several well-known actors, were not invariably letter-perfect. Honourable exceptions to this rule were Mr. Vernon, always a conscientious actor, and Mr. Lewis Waller, who was excellent as the priggish Prince who wrought so much mischief in the honourable house of Desvarennes. Everybody expressed a wish that Miss Genevieve Ward may be seen again very soon in a more congenial part. She is now the real *mière noble* such as the Théâtre Français possessed in its golden days.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Mr. Adolphus Vane-Tempest may be congratulated on the success of their matinée at the Opera Comique for the benefit of the Distressed Irish Ladies' Fund. A bright little comedy by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, called *The Highwayman*, introduced Miss Letty Lind in a gavotte. The plot of this trifle is neatly constructed. Sir Harry Bellairs, a gentleman of the last century, in order to win a wager, disguises himself as a highwayman, and penetrates into the house of the Lady Betty Bassett to frighten her into dancing with him. Mr. Colnaghi was Sir Harry, and Miss Lind the Lady Betty. Needless to say, they danced to perfection.

In *The Ladies' Battle* Mr. Vane-Tempest, a very clever amateur, distinguished himself as Gustave de Grignon; as did also Miss Henrietta Lindley and Miss McNulty respectively as the Countess and Leonie.

The popular *Idler* has reached its hundredth night at the St. James's Theatre. It is certainly a clever play, but it is also a very well acted one. Mr. Alexander will produce Mr. W. Frith's one-act play, *Molière*, on the last night of the season, which will be in about three weeks' time.

Jane, which has proved so successful at the Court, will be withdrawn shortly, and *Husbands and Wives* revived in its place.

This is the last week of *Wild Oats* at the Criterion, where *David Garrick* will be revived next Monday night.

Mr. Horace Sedger has secured the English rights of *La Planctation Thomassin*, which has been so successful in Paris. It will succeed *La Cigale*.

Miss Nina Kennedy, the "inspirationalist," as she calls herself, whose *stances* are creating such a stir in Old Bond Street, should be an actress, for she possesses a mobile countenance, and is distinctly dramatic in her method. No common palmist is she, or fortune-teller either, for she does not even condescend to glance at the lines which cross her client's palm. Simply grasping the right wrist—and very tightly too—she proceeds with great volubility to tell her visitor her candid opinion of his or her character, and she more frequently than not tells a few homely truths.

Saturday night of next week is fixed for the first performance of *The Rajah* at the Savoy.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Baskcomb's annual matinée takes place at St. James's Hall, and a host of friends have volunteered their services: noted among them, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Charles Warner, Miss Norreys, Mr. Lionel Brough, Miss Laura Johnson, Mr. Marshall P. Wilder, Mr. Hermann Vezin, and Princess Ahmdee, an Indian lady who sings very well indeed.

NEW WIZARDRY.

THE Egyptian Hall still holds its own as the home of mystery. Mere conjuring has always been spoiled for us by officious friends who insist on whispering how it is done. Plate-spinning, as the brilliant operator remarks, has no difficulties for those who are willing to practise it for a sufficient number of years, and for a sufficient number of hours every day. The solution of sums by blindfold ladies does not seem an extraordinary feat to persons who seldom make sums come right even when allowed to use their eyes; and spirits have rapped so long that they have become familiar. But when an imitation of a hurricane—in the dark—on an organ, drum, trumpet, sackbut, and all kinds of more or less musical instruments, has reduced the minds of the audience into a fitting condition for his purpose, M. Buatier de Kolta explains to them, in artificially-broken English, that he originally introduced the "vanishing" trick into this country some years ago—long enough ago for him to have learned the language—that, since objections have been raised to his performing this trick with a live bird in a cage, he has secured a bird to whose employment the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals can raise no objection. He hands round for inspection a solid piece of furniture, on which he places his cage, a flimsy red structure with a velvet-covered perch, and he then leads on a comely damsel in a skirtless costume, with a pair of white flapping winglike draperies to carry out the bird idea. She being elaborately stowed within the cage, he hangs a red silk curtain over it, and then, with a rapid wave of his hand, sweeps it off, disclosing the cage empty. He flings away the empty cage—there is no trace of the white-robed damsel, who, nevertheless, was too substantial to have melted away. She could not have got through the bottom of the cage; it does not look as if it would be big enough to screen her if she had crawled out behind it; the carpeted stage does not seem to have any trapdoor in it; the curtains at the back of it did not seem to shake; and so we wonder as we go out into Piccadilly, where the sight of Burlington House sets us wondering what Conrad of Marburg would have said to it all.

THE SWORN TORMENTOR.

IT is curious that waxwork and horror should often go hand in hand, and that an art in itself inoffensive should frequently be allied with the distinctly morbid. It was so in the last century, when the originator of this class of exhibition, Christopher Curtius, opened his Museum in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, and added to pleasant groups of splendidly-attired royal and illustrious personages others representing the most notorious criminals of the period. In the revision of Penant's *London*, published in 1810, we learn that Mrs. Salmon, whose "Royal Waxworks" were located near St. Dunstan's Church, included in her gallery effigies of well-known criminals, as well as "waxen representations of Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Cook, and Alexander the Great." But it was left, we believe, to the inventive genius of that remarkable old lady Mme. Tussaud to create a special Chamber of Horrors in her wax-work exhibition, devoted to crime and criminals, which has always proved a most lucrative attraction. It is not, therefore, surprising that her great-grandson, Mr. Louis Tussaud, should follow in her tracks, and add to his brand-new waxwork show in Regent Street a reserved apartment exclusively devoted to the terrible. Aided and abetted in this cheerful enterprise by Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot, he has certainly contrived a most gruesome and blood-curdling exhibition. Lord Shrewsbury some years ago purchased the entire collection of instruments of torture which were formerly in use in the Castle of Nuremberg. These he has lent young Mr. Tussaud, and never before has such a complete assortment of inventions for the better tormenting of our fellow-creatures been seen. It is quite appalling to study these fiendish implements—these "sworn tormentors," as they were technically called in the good old days of the Star Chamber—arranged in grim rows, and to reflect that most of them are worn away with use and rusty with horrors. It is vain for us to console ourselves with

the thought that they hail from Germany; for in too many prisons throughout the length and breadth of Europe similar diabolical means of extracting confessions from luckless victims were in occasional use until quite the close of the last century. To Beccaria and Voltaire, more than perhaps to any other men, is due the honour of having persuaded mankind of the infamy of such means of discovering the truth in criminal cases as the thumbscrew, the "wooden maiden," and the rack. There are literally hundreds of instruments of torture exhibited, many absolutely unique in their fiendish ingenuity. The most remarkable is the "iron maiden," the *Eiserne Jungfrau* of Nuremberg, of which, we believe, only one other specimen is extant. This monstrous machine is not only well worn by age, but bears evidences of frequent use. Indeed, there are many mentions in the archives of Nuremberg that again and again have persons been condemned to its deadly embrace for plots against religion and the governing powers, parricide, and murder. The last time it was used was as recently as 1718. A curious exhibit is No. 645, a mask worn by the Judge of the Vehmgericht, made of copper, and lined with leather. The accused, it will be remembered, who stood in the presence of the dread Vehmgericht, saw not his judge, who may have been his own father, brother, or dearest friend, and so strong was the influence exercised by the awe-inspiring tribunal, that the judges themselves were never known to reveal their identity. There is a letter shown here from the Vehmgericht dated 1509, with its seal and coat of arms, inviting Heyntz Kone to come before the tribunal. It addresses him thus:—"This letter is for Heyntz Kone; no one must open it, hear it, or read it, but this is a real free letter of the secret free tribunal."

It would be quite unfair to give a detailed account of the horrible machines exhibited by Lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Louis Tussaud; but we advise people who have strong nerves and are not over-sensitive to go and see this most interesting and, in many ways, valuable collection. The collection of prints and paintings of historical executions is of great value, some of the prints being quite unique. There is a small but extremely well engraved Dutch print (709) which, we think, is erroneously described in M. J. Ichenhäuser's carefully edited and valuable Catalogue, as the execution of the men engaged in the Plot conspiracy. The style of architecture is distinctly Dutch. The series of old prints illustrating the deaths of the Counts Egmont and Horn are very curious. There are also one or two excellent portraits, the best being that of Renata of Varzburg, the last woman burnt at the stake in Germany for witchcraft in 1749. The collection of executioners' swords is worthy of careful inspection, several of them being beautifully inlaid. On the executioner's sword from Passau (537) is an exquisite engraving of the Crucifixion; one from Munich has on the right side an engraving of a man being beheaded and a figure of St. George. Perhaps the finest specimen, however, is No. 559—"the Headsman's Sword from Ingolstadt"—with a pointed button, leather handle, and a gallows and wheel exquisitely damascened in copper on the blade. On a sword of this kind from Nuremberg, of early fifteenth-century work, is the following curious verse:—

Die Herrn steuren dem Unheil,
Und ich execute das Urtheil,
Wann ich das Schwerdt thu auf heben
So geb Gott dem armen Sunder das ewige Leben.

which may thus be roughly translated:—

Folk steer towards mischief, and I execute the judgment. When I lift up my sword, God give the poor sinner eternity.

The headsman's sword from Bayreuth has these lines in German engraved in Gothic characters upon it:—

O God! take this sinner into Thy kingdom,
That he may know happiness.

Throughout the collection, one is struck by the curious mingling of piety and cruelty.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE attempt to induce the joint-stock banks to co-operate with the Bank of England in maintaining rates has failed. This perhaps is not surprising, but it is not on that account the less regrettable. The Bank of England holds the ultimate banking reserve of the whole country, but it is no longer powerful enough to control the money market; and therefore every now and then the market is thrown into confusion, sometimes causing very serious alarm and very considerable loss to the whole country. It is clearly the interest, as well as the duty, of all the other banks to support the Bank of England in protecting the reserve; and yet they cannot be induced to do so. At the present time the necessity for safeguarding the reserve is greater than usual. It

is true that by extraordinary efforts the Bank has been able to get, chiefly from New York, an unexpectedly large amount of gold, and thereby to increase very satisfactorily its resources; but it is reasonably certain that the drain upon it before long will be very large. In the first place, it is notorious that the Bank of England will have to send to Russia in the early future at least three millions in gold. How much more it may have to send nobody knows. Three millions is the lowest estimate; and it is quite possible that two or three millions more may be demanded. But, even if the Russian Government should recognize how inexpedient it would be to convulse all the money markets of Europe, and should be in a position to abstain from doing so, and in consequence should content itself with taking 3 millions sterling, that would by-and-bye reduce the coin and bullion held by the Bank of England to about 24 millions.

In the first quarter of the year about 3 millions in sovereigns and half-sovereigns returned from the internal circulation, and as soon as harvesting begins this coin will flow out again, and will continue flowing out until November. The demands, then, of the internal circulation will withdraw from the Bank about as much as the Russian Government is known to intend to take; in other words, it can be foreseen that the Bank of England will have to part during the next six months with at least 6 millions sterling in gold. That will bring down the total stock of the metal to about 21 millions; and even in normal years that would be too small a stock to provide against all other demands. But this is by no means a normal year. According to all reasonable probability, the harvest throughout Western Europe will be bad and late, and unusual quantities of wheat will have to be imported. It is possible that a very considerable portion of the imports may have to be paid for in gold; indeed, many estimate that the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium will have to pay from 15 to 20 millions sterling in gold for the wheat they will require. Should any large portion of this demand fall upon the London market, what will be the result when the internal circulation is also drawing largely upon London? Foreseeing all this, the Bank of England made extraordinary efforts some weeks ago to attract gold from New York, South America, Australia, and other countries, and it succeeded beyond all expectation. It was not, however, enough to get the gold; it was equally important to keep it when it had been attracted; and with that end in view the Governor of the Bank of England suggested that the leading joint-stock banks should co-operate with him in keeping up rates—in fact, in making the 5 per cent. rate effective. The leading joint-stock banks agreed, and for a while charged all but their regular customers—including some of the largest banking and financial establishments of the Continent—4½ per cent. But the agreement was practically illusory. The Continental banks were able to obtain all the bills they required at rates considerably lower than the banks exacted from the London bill-brokers and discount-houses. It was very soon found, in consequence, that the agreement in fact came to nothing, and then representatives of the smaller banks in London, as well as of the provincial and the Scotch banks, were invited to meet the representatives of the leading joint-stock banks with a view to coming to a general understanding. The invitation was accepted, but the meetings came to nothing. There were in all two of them. Every one professed a desire to support the Bank of England, and every one recognized that it was necessary to safeguard the reserve; but no practical decision was come to, and in consequence the negotiations have ended, and the Directors of the Bank of England have lowered their rate of discount to 4 per cent. The danger now is that gold will begin to filter away, not perhaps in large amounts just yet, but in frequent dribbles, with the result that in a few months' time the Bank of England will have lost a large part of what it gained at the expense of New York. If that happens, when the Russian gold has been taken away, and when gold is demanded for the wheat that is being imported, there is very likely to be a sharp rise in rates, with a revival of alarm. People will fear that the Bank rate may be raised to 6 per cent. once more, and that it may not be possible to get all the accommodation that may be required. Every one in consequence will try to make himself safe, and in the general scramble all markets will be disturbed and apprehension will revive. There is only one way of preventing this, and that is for the Bank of England itself to take energetic measures at once to keep up the value of money. But the Bank does not seem inclined to do so; apparently it thinks it would be useless to try when the joint-stock banks will not co-operate with it.

The breakdown of the efforts to form a great banking association has naturally been followed by a sharp decline in rates. At times this week, in spite of the fortnightly settlement upon the Stock Exchange, bankers have found it difficult to lend their surplus balances on any conditions, and the discount rate in the open

market has fallen even below 2½ per cent. This is unfortunate, for it tends to encourage gold withdrawals. As yet the metal is pouring into the Bank from the United States, Australia, South America, and elsewhere; but the shipments to St. Petersburg have begun. On Saturday of last week 200,000*l.* were sent, on Wednesday of this week 100,000*l.* more were sent, next week it is expected that half a million or more will be sent; and so the drain will go on until 3 or 3½ millions are received. Of course, it is possible that other demands may spring up, and it is almost inevitable that America will by-and-by take back the gold it is now parting with. But the joint-stock banks, the bill-brokers, and the discount-houses shut their eyes to all these contingencies, and rates steadily decline.

The price of silver fluctuates between 44½*d.* and 44¾*d.* per ounce. There is no Indian demand, and there is very little Continental demand, and the market therefore is entirely under the influence of New York. The operators there are embarrassed by the accumulation of the metal, and still more by the gold shipments, which make it difficult to carry on speculative operations, and much rise therefore can hardly be looked for.

The Bank of England on Wednesday issued to the Baring guarantors a statement showing the progress of the liquidation up to the 1st of this month. It will be in the recollection of our readers that at the time of the crisis the liabilities of Messrs. Baring Brothers amounted in round figures to 21 millions sterling; now they have been reduced to 8,337,000*l.*, of which a little over 7½ millions are due to the Bank of England and about 829,000*l.* to others. In cash, bills, and remittances to come forward there are 932,000*l.*, or considerably more than is due to all others than the Bank of England; and the bills and remittances, there can be no doubt, are perfectly safe. Practically, therefore, the only creditor of the estate now is the Bank of England, and the debt to it slightly exceeds 7½ millions. To meet these 7½ millions there is a little under a million represented by the private property of the partners, and there are debts due by foreign Governments and others amounting to 969,000*l.* A large part of the foreign Government debt is represented by the liability of the Portuguese Government, which, it is believed, will now be promptly paid. If so, the private property and these debts, amounting to nearly 2 millions, reduce the debt to the Bank to somewhat over 5½ millions. Against this latter debt there are securities other than South American amounting to 1,100,000*l.*, the nature of which is not stated, but which we may assume are sound. If that be so, then the debt to the Bank of England is reduced to about 4½ millions sterling, and against this there are Uruguayan and Argentine securities, which were valued on the 31st October last—the former at 2,117,000*l.*, and the latter at 5,786,000*l.* Since the end of October, of course, there has been a very great further depreciation, and we are not told what is the estimated value now; but, whatever the estimated value may be, it is clear that these Argentine and Uruguayan securities cannot be sold for the present. Still, the Governor expresses the belief that the guarantors will not be called upon to make good any part of their guarantees.

The statement has generally made a favourable impression, and has helped to improve the feeling in the City. Apart from that, improvement had already set in because of the reduction of the Bank-rate last week and the great cheapness and abundance of money, and because also of the recovery upon the Paris and Berlin Bourses. The great Paris operators have quite recovered from their recent scare, and are once more engaging in rash speculation. They have carried up most prices in an extraordinary way, and particularly they have raised the price of Portuguese bonds. The new Portuguese Finance Minister has sold a part of the tobacco monopoly bonds which were not subscribed, to a Paris syndicate, and thereby obtained the money to pay the July coupon, and the syndicate has the option to take a further amount of these bonds, which, if taken, will enable the January coupon to be paid. Partly because of this arrangement, and partly owing to the manoeuvres of the great operators, there has been an extraordinary recovery in Portuguese stock. The boldness of the Continental Bourses has encouraged London.

Moreover, the panic in Buenos Ayres appears to be abating, the premium on gold has fallen to 296 per cent., and the run upon the banks, for the time being at all events, has ceased. As evidence of the better feeling that now prevails, the new Indian Sterling Loan has been taken at an average price slightly over 94½; it will be recollected that the minimum price fixed was 92. Furthermore, the Queensland loan, less than one-eighth of which was subscribed for recently, has now been taken by a syndicate at a reduced price. Evidently the financial houses entertain a hope that we shall soon see a marked increase in the investment demand.

The Board of Trade returns for May are disappointing. The value of the imports amounts to 33,341,000*l.*, an increase of

somewhat over 3 per cent.; and it is very satisfactory that a large part of the increase is in raw materials for textile manufactures. For the five months of the year there is an increase of 1,400,000*l.*, or less than 1 per cent. On the other hand, the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures shows a decrease of 3,196,000*l.*, or almost 14 per cent. The decrease is largest in yarns and textile fabrics. It is to be recollected, however, that there were five Sundays in May this year, and only four in May of last year, and that therefore the decrease is not quite as large as it looks. And, further, it is to be borne in mind that the rise in silver last year stimulated in an extraordinary way exports to India. The falling-off in the exports, therefore, may prove to be only temporary. For the five months the decrease in the value of the exports is 3·2 per cent.

In the market for South American and International Securities there has been a very marked rise in prices, though the amount of business done has not been great. The Argentine Five per Cent. Loan of 1886 closed on Thursday evening at 67½, a rise of as much as 3½ compared with the preceding Thursday evening. The Four and a Half per Cent. Loan closed at 38, a rise of 6½; and the National Cédulas of the A series closed at 19½, a rise of 2½. The Buenos Ayres Six per Cent. bonds of 1882 closed at 40-42, a rise of 9; and the Buenos Ayres Provincial Cédulas of the I series closed at 13, a rise of 2. Even in Argentine railway stocks there has been a marked recovery, with the exception of Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Seven per cent. Preference stock, which closed on Thursday evening at 68-72, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 8. Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary stock, however, closed on Thursday evening at 142-145, a rise of 15 compared with the preceding Thursday evening; and Central Argentine closed at 65-66, a rise of 5. The wideness of the quotations shows that they are to a large extent fictitious, inasmuch as no considerable amount of stock could be sold. But the recovery is in every instance, whether of railway stocks or Government bonds, very remarkable. The investor should bear in mind, however, that there is no real improvement in the condition of the country, that nobody yet knows what rate of interest it will be able to pay, and that therefore these stocks are hardly suited for him. Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents closed on Thursday evening at 76-77, a rise of 2½, and the Four per Cents closed at 72-72½, also a rise of 2½. Even Chilean Four and a Half per Cents of 1886 rose 1, closing on Thursday evening at 81-83. Some of the stocks dealt in on the Paris Bourse have moved upwards almost as rapidly as those of South America. Thus Portuguese closed on Thursday evening at 49, a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday, of 3½; Spanish closed at 74½, a rise of 1½; and Russian closed at 99½, a rise of 1. In American railroad securities the movements have been undeserving of notice. The market has lost all life—for the time being, at all events—and even in New York there is exceedingly little doing. In home railway stocks the changes have been mostly upwards. Thus Brighton A closed on Thursday evening at 141½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; Metropolitan Consolidated closed at 84½, a rise of 1½; Great Eastern closed at 94½, a rise of 1½; Great Western closed at 156½, also a rise of 1½; and London and North-Western closed at 171½, a rise of ½. There has also been a further advance in Indian Sterling stocks. Thus the Three per Cents closed on Thursday evening at 95, an advance of 1½; and the Three and a Half per Cents closed at 105½, a rise of 2. Consols closed on Thursday evening at 95½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had a return of our easterly winds, of which we fondly hoped we had, for this season at least, got rid, and with them has come a return of our dry weather, reminding us of March. On Thursday last (June 4), the depression of which we spoke last week was just disappearing off the south-west coast of Ireland, and a considerable quantity of rain was reported from all our south-western stations. By Friday morning a new system of depression had appeared off Biarritz, and at the same time the barometer had risen steadily in Scotland, marking the approach of an anti-cyclone. Between these two systems thunderstorms occurred in the south-east of England, and a deluge of rain swept over the North Midland Counties, causing heavy local floods in Derbyshire. The rainfall measured on Friday exceeded an inch at Spurn Head and Loughborough, and did not fall far short of that quantity at Liverpool and Holyhead. The southern depression moved very slowly eastwards. During Friday and Saturday the rain extended to Ireland, but in much less quantity than had fallen at the English stations above mentioned. On Sunday

morning, owing to the rise of the barometer in the north, and the advance eastwards of the southern depression, the gradients for east winds had become steeper, and as a result we had a bitter easterly breeze over the south-east of England, which attained considerable strength at the mouth of the Thames. Since that date the wind has remained generally in the same quarter, but has moderated somewhat in force; and, as the sky has been clearer of clouds, the sun has been able to exert some slight heating effect. The anti-cyclone has definitely established itself over Scotland, and, as a result, hardly a drop of rain has been reported from that country during the week. In France, however, a fair amount of rain has been recorded during the passage of the depression above mentioned. On the whole, however, we must admit that we are somewhat better off than when we wrote last week. The heavy rain in the south of Ireland which we then mentioned, and the similar downpour in the North Midland Counties recorded on Thursday, June 4, have done something locally towards reducing the deficits appearing in the weekly weather reports of the Meteorological Office. The Channel Islands have gained an inch and a half, while the improvement in most parts of England and in the South of Ireland has been nearly an inch. We regret to say that the want of rain in the West of Scotland has grown more serious, and the deficiency is nearly 7 inches.

As regards temperature we have a miserable tale to tell. The reading of 70°—a very moderate one for summer-time—which was recorded at some English stations at the end of the previous week has only once reappeared during the week now under review, and that was in London on Friday, the 5th. On Saturday and Sunday the maximum at several stations did not reach 60°. Even in Paris the highest temperature recorded on Sunday was only 62°, an almost unheard-of reading for that station on the 7th of June. On Tuesday the maximum temperature at Hernösand, in Sweden, was 79°, 18° higher than our record in London.

TERRY'S THEATRE.

IN boldly embarking upon so new a form of entertainment as that now given at Terry's Theatre, Mr. George Edwardes has earned praise and thanks, and his light and entertaining summer programme will attract most playgoers. The three pieces—each lasting about an hour—with which he opens his enterprise are one and all original in their way. In the first—*A Lancashire Sailor*, by Mr. Brandon Thomas—the old love-story is so capably treated and so well written that it seems quite new; it is acted worthily, and it is a wholesome, touching domestic drama. Its one slight fault is the obtrusiveness of the elderly housekeeper. The author plays in it himself—he is the sailor, and the real heir to the baronetcy, and he portrays him with no little power and a great deal of Lancashire accent.

A Commission, by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, is a very clever sketch, which opens with the opinions of a model upon some of our leading artists, and the whole is plentifully besprinkled with allusions to them, although a very pretty story runs through it. The author himself revels in the neatness and imperturbability of a confidential man-servant who is not quite in sympathy with his surroundings, and the part suits him admirably. Mr. Brandon Thomas, as the jaunty, high-flown, light-hearted, hungry model, plays his part with an admirable knowledge of its requirements. Mr. Forbes Dawson and Miss Lily Hanbury—a handsome young lady—both do their best, and the farce is decidedly amusing and interesting.

A Pantomime Rehearsal, by Mr. Cecil Clay, is a piece which is well known in America; but, we imagine, we have it here in a slightly altered, though in a no less diverting, form. It deals with the perplexities and troubles of an aristocratic amateur who writes a pantomime to be played by his friends, and the latest Guards' burlesque is probably answerable for some of its most prominent features. It is truly funny, and it is played in the right spirit of burlesque—of amateur burlesque. The ladies are awkward and the gentlemen self-conscious, and the professional representatives hit off with no little skill the peculiarities of their would-be imitators. In this Mr. Brandon Thomas, who has most of the evening's work upon his shoulders, again merits approbation—as a heavy dragoon doing doggedly conscientious work he was capital. And Mr. Weedon Grossmith, as a young lordling who wants his own way in everything, causes great delight by occasionally dashing down his part and refusing to play any more. All the ladies, including Misses Chester and Linden, play well; and Mr. Eliot truthfully depicts the agonies of the unappreciated author.

PORTRAITS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A FRENCH critic, by no means indulgently disposed towards British art, has said that the portraits in our shows of the present year are, at all events, well worthy of European attention. We have already treated this branch of the exhibition at the New Gallery, and we turn to-day to the Royal Academy. In considering the portraits of the year we have to notice, as a curious fact, the rapidity with which the convention which the late Mr. Frank Holl impressed upon English portraiture has passed away. That sombre and unilluminated style, absolutely devoid of colour, was due to the temperament of one very powerful artist. But the vogue of black portraits is over, and a considerable gaiety of hue and variety of tone have taken the place of that impressive but funereal darkness. It may be convenient, as before, to go through the rooms of the Royal Academy, concentrating our attention on this one class of pictures. In the First Gallery we find some portraits of exceptional interest. "Mrs. Herbert Gibbs" (20) is painted in a white dress, by Sir John Millais; the head is very powerfully modelled, and the draperies are excellent; unfortunately, the yellow tea-rose in the lady's sash and the red peonies on the table, both of which attract the eye by their strong colour, are not successful. Mr. Hook has painted his own portrait (40) for the Uffizi Gallery in Florence; in his grey beard and orange tie the veteran artist looks like one of his own Cornish sportsmen. An exceedingly fine full-length is Mr. Orchardson's "Mr. Walter Gilbey" (82), in a brown suit; this should be compared with "Mrs. Gilbey" (205), by the same artist, in the Great Room. In each case the figure is painted with great spirit and learning; the accessories, in the curious hot harmony beloved of Mr. Orchardson, are daintily put in; but the skin of the face, though admirably drawn, is painted too dryly. These heads seem covered with rose-coloured parchment; we miss the sense of blood in the veins. Mr. Pettie's tones are yellower still, and his modelling not so true to nature. The bust of Mrs. Stewart Freeman (14), however, has merit. In this room, too, the visitor should observe Mr. Fildes's "Mrs. Lockett Agnew" (57), Mr. Oulless's "Colonel Malcolm" (72), in Highland costume, and Mr. Doyle Penrose's "Madame Antoinette Stirling" (80). In the last mentioned of these the head, raised as if in the act of singing, is very strong; but the pleasure we might feel in the picture is destroyed by the hideous green velvet dress.

In the Second Gallery Mr. Oulless hangs duty and pleasure side by side. Duty is his straightforward bust of "Lord Congleton" (117), conscientious and absolutely uninspired. Pleasure is "Lord Edward Spencer Churchill" (126), painted, in furs and a red tie, in Mr. Oulless's Dutch manner, as though the painter enjoyed his work. A pleasant variant on the conventional studio figure is Mr. John T. Peele's "Portrait" (121) of a young lady taking a morning walk in some fields. Mr. Shannon seems to have lost the favour of the Academicians this year; his fine full-length of "Mrs. George Coats" (141), in a grey velvet dress, is skied. One of the most interesting portraits of the year is Mr. Alma Tadema's "Mr. Arthur James Balfour" (143), seated, in morning dress, close up in the corner of a sofa, which is covered with the brown skin of a bison. It is probable that this picture was once more thoroughly satisfactory than it is now, for the fault of it is a certain fatigued smoothness, as of over-manipulation. The grave and earnest expression of the head, slightly bent forward, is well rendered. Curiously enough, the portrait of Mr. Freeman-Mitford (48), by Sir Frederick Leighton, has something of the same fault as the "Mr. Balfour," to which it is the pendant; it is too highly polished with excess of elaboration, though full of solid and learned qualities. At the same height as Mr. Shannon's picture is a fine full-length of "Mrs. John Crooke" (151), in a dress of pale yellow and dove-grey, by a rising artist, Mr. T. C. Gotch. In this room, also, is Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Archdeacon Pott" (167).

In the large room we find a vigorous and yet graceful full-length of "Sir F. Forbes-Adam" (191), by Mr. J. J. Shannon. A portrait of "Mr. Howard Gilliat" (224), very solid and brilliant, is by a young painter of great promise, Mr. Herman Herkomer, who is not to be confounded with the R.A. We now reach what will probably be the best-remembered portrait of the year, Sir John Millais's seated figure of "Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain" (237). She is painted in a pale lilac dress, by a table, on which stands a tea-service; she has a cup and saucer in her hand, and looks quietly out of the canvas. Both in tone and colour this picture is charmingly successful, and it is more highly finished than many of the artist's recent works. Mr. William Carter has painted a full-length of "The Earl of Winchelsea" (242), in a brown shooting-suit, with ease and vigour. A singular portrait group (255), by Mr. George Clausen, represents some children and their mother at breakfast, in very pale tones of blue and white;

the two little girls in the foreground are painted with a delightful freshness. Mr. Oulless has not been very successful with the difficult head of "Mr. John Morley" (266). Mr. Herkomer's "Dean of Christchurch" (289) is picturesque and almost violently strong. Above Mr. Alma Tadema's "Earthly Paradise," and a little killed by it, is a beautiful "Portrait" (297) of a lady in a bright Japanese dress, seen against a pale blue background, very delicately done, by Mr. John Longstaffe. Finally, we reach Mr. Watts's "Lady Catherine Thynne" (304), a half-length of great refinement—fresh carnations and pale brown hair, a lavender dress and yellow ribands. In this room should also be noted Mr. Wells's "Canon Sidney Smith" (218), Sir John Millais's "Grace" (231), Mr. Harrington Mann's "Miss Florence Sabine Pasley" (189), and Mr. Sant's "Mrs. H. Terry" (269) in white, with a red rose-bud in her bosom.

In the Fourth Gallery, Mr. John Collier's "Professor Huxley" (333), a solid and intellectual piece of painting, executed with great thoroughness, is perhaps the most attractive example. The eminent savant is seen in his library, turning to the spectator from his writing-desk. The "Miss Dorothy Lawson" (330) is a rather slight example of Sir John Millais's skill in the delineation of children; this little figure, in a white dress with a yellow sash, stands in a somewhat vague and stagey garden, dropping corn-flowers from her hands. Mr. W. B. Richmond has chosen a defiant attitude for "Mrs. Alexander Mackay" (360), who sits in her chair, grasping the arms of it in her fists. An accomplished portrait of a boy, which reminds us technically of the soft, almost bloomy, black portraits of the late Dutchmen, is "Hugh Burdett Money Coutts" (390), by Mr. Sant. Mr. W. Mount Loudan's "Mary" (339), a village girl in a hat, a pleasant arrangement of deep blue, green, and purple tones, may be treated as a portrait.

In Gallery V. the spirited seated figure of "Mr. A. W. Pinero" (414), by Mr. J. Mordecai, will attract attention; this would make a telling mezzotint. In the place of honour hangs Mr. Orchardson's "Sir Andrew Barclay Walker" (430), perhaps the most successful male portrait of the year, solid and vigorous, and with an astonishing air of life, in spite of the artist's too mannered use of yellow and crimson in the accessories and background. A capital portrait by an outsider is Mr. E. Lockhart's "John Polson" (439), seated in sumptuous furs. To his full length of "Mrs. X." (453), which is terribly skied, Mr. Glazebrook has given a fine sweeping line. We note in the same room Mr. Pettie's "W. B. Lethbridge" (459), Mr. T. B. Wirgman's schoolboy, characteristically twisted, "Haden Watkins" (480), and Mme. Starr Canziani's "Mrs. James Macandrew" (486). A vivacious portrait of a veteran lady of letters is Mr. Emslie's "Miss Anna Swanwick" (495). In Gallery VI. respectable full-length figures are Mr. Herkomer's "Sir Sydney Waterlow" (514), "Sir Cecil C. Smith" (518), by Mr. Horsley, and Mr. Hacker's "Mrs. Mortimer Hill" (530), all three a little commonplace, but not ill painted. Mr. John Collier's "Mrs. Harry Coghill" (531), in a red dress, is the best portrait in this room, which is nevertheless better provided than Gallery VII., in which a cluster of extraordinarily stupid portraits have collected to take refuge. Creditable exceptions are Mr. Herkomer's "Captain Townshend" (631), and Mr. Julian Story's interesting full-length of "Lord Vernon" (651), standing before the fire in riding costume. But the most original portrait here, or at least that which makes the prettiest picture, is Mr. Henry J. Hudson's "Sheila" (666), a girl in a blue dress, leaning her brown head against a Japanese pillow with golden and rose-coloured embroideries on it.

In Gallery VIII. we cannot pronounce a success Mr. Seymour Lucas's elaborate portrait of "Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A." (673) at work in his studio; the head lacks force and character. By this portrait hangs a far more artistic work, Mr. J. McLure Hamilton's "impression" of "Mr. Gladstone" (674) reading in his study; this is very slight and thin, indeed the canvas is scarcely covered, but the handling is extremely clever, the likeness excellent, and the pale colour pleasing and skilfully treated. With Mr. E. J. Gregory's sole contribution this year, "Miss Elvira Todd" (694), we are greatly disappointed; it is in no way worthy of this tantalizing artist, who can do, if he chooses, better than almost any one else, and who so very seldom does choose. Mr. Herbert Olivier's portrait of "Mr. F. Locker Lampson" (715), seated with folded arms against a red-velvet curtain, and peering sharply at the spectator through half-closed eyelids, deserves very great commendation. Other good portraits in this room are "Mr. T. Wrightson" (738), by Mr. W. B. Richmond, and "Mr. Elsie Horniman" (746), by Mr. Trevor Haddon.

In Gallery IX., the room devoted to small cabinet pictures, we find but few portraits. We know not why artists so rarely select a size and form which was good enough for Clouet and for Holbein, and which has the convenience of being easily shown in a modern house. Mr. John Lavery's little portrait of "Mr. Lennox Browne" (878), in Court dress, is picturesque, and

cleverly lighted. But by far the most remarkable specimen in the room is Mr. Jan van Beers's "Portrait of a Gentleman" (910), which displays a young man, with black hair and slight black moustache, lounging in a chair, in evening dress, against a dead-gold screen. The vitality and brilliancy of this little work are extraordinary, and it is painted with a daring touch. The mere boldness with which the definite blacks and whites are treated is enough to make a conventional painter draw in his breath. There are few portraits which need detain us in Gallery X. Mr. Arthur Cope's "Archdeacon Balston" (1014) is painstaking and satisfactory; while Mr. Arthur Bambridge has produced a curiously convincing portrait of "Mr. F. Freeth" (1054), the eyes of which, looking straight out of the picture, are painted with remarkable skill. In Gallery XI. we find Mr. Herman Herkomer's "Dean of Wells" (1149) and Mr. William Carter's "Dr. Frederick Pretymann" (1081). But by far the most remarkable portrait in this part of the exhibition is "Mrs. M—" (1097) by Mr. J. S. Sargent. This is an elegant but thin and starved-looking lady of an American type, dressed in a satin shot with scarlet and sap-green, a lunette of diamonds in her hair, and the mouth curiously drawn. It is to be conjectured that this is one of Mr. Sargent's brilliant "caricatures," although it is excessively clever, and beautifully painted. The refined and bony hands are miracles of technical skill. But to like to see one's beloved relatives through Mr. Sargent's spectacles must be an acquired taste.

OPERAS AND CONCERTS.

IN a company less rich in basses and baritones than that now assembled at Covent Garden, the advent of a singer like M. Plançon, who made his first appearance on the 3rd inst., would be received by amateurs with acclamation. But with such artists as MM. Edouard de Reszke, Lassalle, and Maurel at his command, it is difficult to understand why Mr. Harris thought it necessary to retain the services of the French basso. Still the engagement is one which is not to be complained of, save that there seems to be but little likelihood of seeing the new singer as often as could be wished. There have been so many representatives of the part of Mephistopheles, in which M. Plançon's first appearance took place, that unless the reading of the character is utterly against tradition, like that adopted by M. Maurel, very little now remains to be said about it. M. Plançon is no innovator, and does not attempt to excite interest by the invention of new business; he follows the lines laid down by M. Faure, and presents the fiend as a semi-humorous and semi-diabolic personage, just as the authors of the libretto of M. Gounod's opera obviously intended the part to be played. In both sides of the character he is alike admirable, both as an actor and a singer. His voice is powerful and at the same time melodious, and his vocalization is singularly finished. In the Garden Scene he kept discreetly in the background, so as not to let his by-play interfere with the love-making of Faust and Marguerite; in the Cathedral Scene the diabolic intensity of his performance was most striking. The rest of the cast was the same as on the previous Saturday; but both M. Van Dyck and Miss Eames were in better voice, and the whole performance was smoother and more even throughout, probably owing to the chorus having become accustomed to singing the work in French. On the following Friday Mme. Melba made her second appearance this season, when she resumed the part of Gilda, in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, a character which suits her better than any other in her repertory. Her singing was quite admirable, and the audience would gladly have listened to "Caro nome" again, if encores had not been rigorously discouraged throughout the evening. As the Jester, M. Maurel repeated the fine, if somewhat exaggerated, performance of the part which was seen earlier in the season. It is strange that an artist who lays so much stress upon correctness of stage-illusion should commit the solecism, when acknowledging applause, of passing in front of the wall which in two of the scenes divides the stage in order to bow hand in hand with the soprano. Signor Ravelli was, vocally, an excellent Duke, and the small part of Maddalena was taken by Mlle. Giulia Ravogli. Of the revival of M. Gounod's *Mireille*, which took place on Wednesday night, we are unable to speak.

It is very seldom that Señor Sarasate fails to draw a large audience, yet, strange to say, this was the case at his Chamber-Concert at St. James's Hall on the evening of the 3rd, in spite of the attraction of a programme which included some comparatively novel features. Neither Saint-Saëns's Sonata in A, Op. 75, Goldmark's Suite, Op. 11, nor Dvořák's "Slavische Tänze," Op. 72, are at all hackneyed; probably all three of them were unfamiliar to the majority of the audience. The most interesting were the Suite and the Dances; but all were played to perfection by the Spanish violinist, who was accompanied by Mme. Berthe Marx,

an excellent pianist, who was heard alone in Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp minor and Tausig's "Ungarische Zigeunerweisen."

On Thursday afternoon Señor Leo de Silka, a new pianist, gave a recital at St. James's Hall, when the programme was selected from composers of all schools, ranging from Scarlatti and Handel to Mayer and Liszt. Señor de Silka has a graceful touch, and played a Pastorale and Capriccio of Scarlatti's with delicacy and considerable charm. He was obviously suffering severely from the effects of nervousness; but, in spite of this, it was clear that he has much to learn before he can take high rank as a performer. His playing is wanting in style, and is apt to be tame and colourless. These are defects which time and study may remedy, for Señor de Silka has the advantage of being still quite young.

At the third Richter Concert, last Monday, three of the four overtures which Beethoven wrote to his only opera were performed in the order in which they were written. "Leonora, No. 3," and the overture to *Fidelio*, are familiar to all musicians; but the first overture, generally known as "Leonora, No. 2," and the third, known as "Leonora, No. 1," are not so well known, and it was most interesting to hear these three great works—each in itself sufficient to make the reputation of an ordinary composer—played side by side. It speaks volumes for Herr Richter's marvellous memory that he should be able to conduct them—especially the second and third, which are so much alike—without reference to the scores. The only other purely instrumental number in the programme was Mozart's "Hafner" Symphony, a bright and simple work, which lost some of its proper effect by being placed after two lengthy selections from Wagner. The first of these consisted of the Introduction, second and third scenes from Act III. of *Tannhäuser*, in which Mr. Lloyd made a welcome reappearance after his illness. The part of Wolfram was taken by Herr Max Heinrich; but the music allotted to Venus and the Chorus was omitted, so that the selection produced a strangely disjointed and inartistic effect. The "Schmiedelieder," from *Siegfried*, which followed, were more satisfactory; though, like all of Wagner's later work, they lost severely by being separated from the dramatic action, with which they are intended to be so closely united. The unthankful part of Mime was efficiently sung by Mr. William Nicholl.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Farley Sinkins gave an Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall, at which a new violinist, M. Duloup, and a violoncellist of considerable reputation, M. Ernest de Munck, appeared. The former was not quite successful in Vieuxtemps' Concerto in A minor, which he chose for his first solo; but later in the concert he created a very favourable impression by a fine performance of Beethoven's Romance in F, and of one of Dr. Joachim's arrangements of Brahms's Hungarian Dances. M. de Munck was heard in a dull Concerto of his own, in a Cavatina by Mr. Berger, and a "Fileuse" by Dunkler. He possesses great executive ability; but his tone is thin and his style wanting in breadth. Vocal numbers were contributed by Mr. Oudin, who sang the scena from Marschner's *Hans Heiling*, which he introduced at a recent Philharmonic Concert, besides songs by Massenet, Grieg, and a trivial ditty of his own composition. An excellent orchestra, under Mr. Cowen's conductorship, played Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* and Beethoven's *Fidelio* overtures.

The chief interest of the concert given by the students of the Royal College of Music on Wednesday afternoon lay in the admirable orchestral playing. The large band—which, with the exception of the double basses, consisted almost entirely of past or present pupils of the College—gave excellent performances of Cherubini's overture to *Les Abencérages* and of Brahms's Fourth Symphony, besides playing the accompaniments of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, Schumann's Concert Allegro (Op. 134), and of two vocal numbers. All of these reflected great credit upon the performers, and if the performance of the Symphony—one of the most difficult of recent orchestral works—was a little deficient in vigour, the fault must not be laid at the door of the band, which faithfully followed the reading adopted by Mr. Henry Holmes, who conducted the whole concert. The solo part of the Violin Concerto was played with much finish by Mr. Jasper Sutcliffe, but the tempo of the last movement was very much dragged. The pianoforte part of Schumann's Concert Allegro was taken by Mr. Landon Ronald, a young pianist who has a good touch and shows signs of promise, though at present his playing of rapid passages is very much scamped and his execution is slipshod. The vocal numbers were Clärchen's song, "Die Trommel gerühret," from Beethoven's *Egmont* music, which was carefully sung by Miss Mary Richardson, and Berlioz's "Absence," in which Miss Charlotte Russell displayed a voice of charming quality and considerable refinement of style.

"WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BOYS."

"A H, if we had a son to be started in life,"
Murmured Old Father William in tones of regret,
As he musingly gazed in the face of his wife,
Looking over the top of his evening gazette,
"Do you think I would send him to starve in the Church,
Or to 'devil' his way through the junior Bar?
On the counting-house stool of the merchant to perch,
Or to try what the risks of the stockbroker are?
Do you think in attempting his future to plan
That the Army or Navy my choice would engage?
D'you suppose I would make him a medical man,
Or devote him to art, or the press, or the stage?
No! No! there are far better things to be had
In a business of larger and quicker returns;
I should see if I couldn't apprentice the lad
To the Striker-in-Chief, County Councillor Burns.

"For I hold, well informed by my lengthened career
Upon most of the industries practised on earth,
That the trade of that man is the lightest, my dear,
In demands upon any description of worth.
Ay, it needs neither capital, wisdom, nor wit;
Not a gift, save the gift of an impudent tongue,
And the brass for the brows of the demagogue fit,
And the durable leather that serves him for lung.
These, these are his whole and his sole stock-in-trade,
For what else he may lack is by others supplied—
By the mobs who applaud, and the crowds who parade;
By the touts and reporters who run by his side;
By the timid officials he bullies and cows;
By the weak 'sympathizers' whose praises he earns;
By whoever to loud notoriety bows—
It is these that have made County Councillor Burns.

"I could wish that I might, whensoever I like,
Make an omnibus manned by three constables stop
And compel the conductor and driver to strike,
And order the passengers down from the top.
I could wish that I wielded such force of command
O'er the meekly-respectful policeman on guard,
That the 'bus I have brought to a summary stand
Is at once driven back to the Company's yard.
And that good Mr. Fawn, upon summons required,
Replies, with a proper admixture of awe,
'There is doubt if the driver was legally hired,
And of course 'tis for you to interpret the law.'
I should like to see Justice ko-towing like that
To myself, as the man her commandments who spurns,
And to sit in the shade of that Cardinal's hat
That so sweetly protects County Councillor Burns.

"Yes, if we had a son to be started in life,
And the choice of his calling had now to be made,
I feel sure I should have the assent of my wife
If I told him to make agitation his trade.
'Tis a business that once had its drawbacks, I know,
'Twas beset with discomforts that every one feels;
But now that Authority's kissing the toe
Of the man whom it once would have laid by the heels—
Now that Order and Law have sunk into contempt,
And that no one, except when he chooses, obeys,
And the rowdiest rough's the most surely exempt
From the hand of restraint on his works and his ways—
I should say to my son, 'Seek your honour and gain
In industrious meddling with others' concerns;
Bawl, bluster, and bounce, and you'll doubtless attain
To a station beside County Councillor Burns.'"

REVIEWS.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.*

(Rescued from a Batch.)

IT is seldom that the reviewer of "contemptuous," or contemptible, "batches" of novels finds himself so puzzled as by a new sixpenny story, styled *The Heart of Midlothian*. The author's name, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., is entirely new to us. Meredith we know, and Besant we know; but who is Sir Walter Scott? A baronetage throws no light on what we must assume to be a *nom de guerre*; but we confess that, unfamiliar as is the

* *The Heart of Midlothian*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. London: Black. 1891.

author, we do not care how soon we meet him again. His work has, indeed, the fault of youth, inexperience, and a kind of laborious jocularity. The construction of the tale is chiefly conspicuous in the usually quoted manner. There is an almost unintelligible preface by one Jedediah Cleishbotham, and much of the conversation is written in dialect. The tale is historical, which is usually a kind way of saying that it is tedious; but we confess that we have read with great interest the description of the Porteous Riots and that we do not think them unworthy of the author of *Micah Clarke*, nor even of Mr. Stevenson himself, whom our author seems, at some distance, to imitate. The imitation, however, is not often servile, and people who can endure dialect will find some pleasure in the character of an old belated Covenanter, Davie Deans. The figure of that dilatory lover, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, has also touches of agreeable, though far from subtle, caricature. We are somewhat puzzled by a personage named Madge Wildfire, who distinctly verges on the sensational, but sings some not unmelodious verses, whether original or derived from tradition. We shall not defy the editor of *The Author*, that fiery journal, by giving a *précis* of the plot of the *Heart of Midlothian*. Suffice it to say that circumstances not unconnected with the Scotch law of concealment of birth enable the daughter of the old Puritan, Jeanie Deans, to display singular qualities of modesty, courage, and truthfulness. It is a pity that our author should put such unmanly and, indeed, unintelligible language in her mouth as "The devil's in the daidling body; wha wad hae thought o' his daikering out this length?" The author himself "daikers" out to a length which we end by finding tedious. The tale should have closed with chapter xli.; the subsequent fortunes of the characters are dreary where they are not melodramatic. The writer ends with the copybook sentiment that "the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace." Here we find, and in capital letters, the didactic heresy, and this is the more surprising as "Sir Walter Scott" has inklings of a more artistic method. Let him shun the paths of the historical novel; let him, above all, retrench or wholly abandon his dialect; let him make up his mind not to be humorous out of season, let him carefully plan and construct his plot beforehand, and we shall look with some confidence to his taking a position not far below that of Mr. Barrie. The style is, unhappily, very lax, the sentences meander tardily through boulders of "which's" Mrs. Poyser has obviously been a favourite character of our author's, and he has endeavoured to copy some of her pregnant sayings. "Certainly the gudeman of St. Leonard's had some grand news to tell him, for he was as uplifted as a midden-cock" (dunghill cock) "on pattens." This is like Mrs. Poyser's observation that the bird thought the sun had risen on purpose to hear him crow. Other examples might be chosen; but we have no sympathy with the foolish cry of plagiarism. We repeat, not unconscious of the energy of our eulogy, that this new author has points about him which deserve to be studied and improved. He can never be a Howells or a Meredith; except when he writes in dialect he is always intelligible, and his judgment of human affairs appears to lack neither sagacity nor benevolence. Often trite and even languid, he rises in description of passion, and, though occasionally he labours at a jest, we admit that, for a Scot, he is not destitute of humour. We look forward to meeting him again in a tale of modern manners and south of his favourite Tweed.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT.*

THE late Mr. Beresford Hope, who was curious in ecclesiastical history, once remarked on the fact that only two bishops of London were named Archibald, and that they flourished twelve hundred years apart. The first is known in history as St. Erkenwald, and his name is merely an Anglo-Saxon form of the Scottish Archibald. Tait was forty-five when he became Bishop of London, and was promoted to the Primacy twelve years later. He had been Headmaster at Rugby from 1842 to 1850, in succession to Arnold. From Rugby he had gone as Dean to Carlisle. As Archbishop of Canterbury he ruled the province from the beginning of 1869 to 1882, passing, in the thirteen years, through some of the most trying scenes in the history of the Church of England. In 1882, on a day which, by a curious oversight, his biographers never give us exactly, he died, as he had lived, calmly and courageously. It was Advent Sunday, the same day, ecclesiastically, on which four years before he had lost his wife. Such is a brief outline of the biographical facts of a singularly useful, dignified, and influential life. It is, perhaps, to be wished that we had a few more personal touches in these volumes. There can never have been an English Primate who, so to speak, looked the part more completely than Archbishop Tait. It was not that he filled the office of an archbishop—he was an archbishop before all things. So, too, we could wish for a greater insight into his social, and, in the best sense of the word, convivial qualities. His biographers hint at his brilliant wit and readiness in conversation; but they give us no clue to that side of his character which made a curate of the

diocese declare, after an interview, that the Archbishop was the best company in the world. No doubt the strong sense of humour, while it was never ill-natured, helped him in trying circumstances, the more so because it was joined with a remarkably calm and even fastidiousness of judgment, which enabled him to preserve his gravity of demeanour when the extreme views or extravagant behaviour of those with whom he came into contact appeared to him the most ludicrous. He was a man of considerable bodily stature, and though tortured for many years with the rheumatic affection which eventually carried him off, his upright figure, belying the delicacy of his early childhood, gave him the appearance of a vigorous and even athletic manhood. His habitual cheerfulness made him a standing lesson to those who connect religion and sadness, for he never allowed pain, his constant companion, or the close personal sense which he always cherished of the truths of Christianity, to cloud his mind or sour the sweetness of his disposition. On these points we cannot but think his biographers might have enlarged a little more fully, but, no doubt, the number of important events in which the Archbishop had a hand, and the great mass of solemn and weighty correspondence with which they had to deal, influenced them when a choice between different kinds of material had to be made.

The interest of the two volumes steadily increases from the beginning to the end. We see the future Archbishop, even as a boy, exercising tact and judgment in the most trivial affairs. When he came up to Oxford and attended at the rooms of the Master of Balliol, his presence of mind never forsook him. Dr. Jenkyns asked the new student with what view he came up. He replied, "First, in order to study, and also, I hope, to benefit by the society of the college." This was the very answer to please the Master, who promptly complimented him as a very sensible young man. When he became Headmaster of Rugby, his success was almost immediately decided. Few men could have come after Arnold without suffering by comparison, but Tait both took his own line from the first, and made that line work. His sense of humour always came to his assistance in trying circumstances, and he left Rugby better than he found it. At Carlisle, as Dean, he had little opportunity of making a mark, and his incumbency of the decanal office was chiefly remembered afterwards for the sad bereavement which fell upon his young family. Five little daughters were attacked with scarlet fever, and between the 10th of March and the 10th of April, 1856, were one by one laid in the same grave at Stanwix churchyard. The eldest was ten years of age, the youngest little more than a year. To a man of his affectionate and eminently domestic disposition this was an almost fatal blow. He removed to a temporary residence on Ullswater, and before he had time to return to Carlisle was offered the bishopric of London by Lord Palmerston. Lord Shaftesbury was supposed at this time to have a preponderating influence on the numerous episcopal appointments which fell to Lord Palmerston, and it was more than rumoured that Tait, who as a leader in "the dangerous Arnoldian school" cannot have been very acceptable to the narrowminded party represented by Lord Shaftesbury, owed his appointment as much to the personal feeling evoked in the mind of the Queen and many others by the transcendent misfortune which had befallen him. Lord Shaftesbury would have preferred Dr. Pelham for London and Dean Tait for Norwich. He entered on his new duties in November 1856, and it cannot be denied that, after a few mistakes, he became a pattern bishop, that he contrived to gather about him all that was best in his vast diocese, and eventually to exercise an immense influence in promoting the peace, welfare and reform of the Church. One of his first acts gave umbrage to many. He appointed Dr. Temple, now Bishop of London, his chaplain. On this occasion he received a very curious and, as it turned out, prophetic letter, from Dean Stanley, in which several clergymen are named, and among them three as being specially eligible. They were Dr. Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham; Dr. Westcott, who now fills that see; and Dr. Benson, who is now Archbishop of Canterbury. Among others whom Bishop Tait steadily befriended was an East-End incumbent but little known as a genius beyond his own circle, John Richard Green, and one of his first acts when he became Primate was to put Green into an office at Lambeth, where rooms, which his health prevented his occupying, were assigned to him. There is only a passing mention of Green near the close of the second volume. We need not go through the account, here given at some length, of the ritual troubles, of the establishment of the Diocesan Home Mission, of the offer of the archbishopric of York made him on Archbishop Longley's translation to Canterbury, of the fiery *Essays and Reviews* controversy, and, greatest of all, the "rash and arrogant speculations of the Bishop of Natal," a business in which Tait only seems to have stood firm and to have acted without panic.

But a question weightier than all these was to come up before Tait left Fulham for Lambeth, and to be the first with which, as Primate, he had to deal. The disestablishment of the Irish Church ought never to have become a question of practical politics. It was not a measure demanded in Ireland. It was calculated—as, indeed, has turned out to be the case—by those best informed, to do a vast amount of damage and no tangible good. The outbreak of savagery which has followed it in the south and west was foreseen by such well-informed and hard-headed men as Lord Cairns; and Archbishop Magee, who was then at Peterborough, never wavered in his opposition to the Bill—an opposi-

* *Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury.* By Randal Thomas Davidson, Dean of Windsor, and William Benham, B.D., Hon. Canon of Canterbury. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

tion which was abundantly justified by the arguments in his speeches and by the result. But, between ignorance of Ireland and panic, Tait fairly lost his head. In the middle ages the Chancellor, who was always a bishop, and generally archbishop of Canterbury, was called "the keeper of the King's conscience." To this position Archbishop Tait succeeded when he went to Lambeth; and in it, no doubt, the Queen in her perplexity appealed to him for advice. The advice he gave was the worst possible. The correspondence between Her Majesty and the new Primate should never have been made public; yet, of course, we cannot believe that Bishop Davidson would have included it in these volumes without the Queen's leave. At the beginning, when Her Majesty first took counsel with the Archbishop, he ought to have marshalled all the arguments before her; he ought to have spoken of the Coronation Oath—a thing never mentioned in the correspondence—and he should have devised a line of action calculated to defeat the factious ends of the most shortsighted Minister who ever legislated for Ireland. The part taken by Archbishop Tait in the Irish Church controversy is not only a blot on an otherwise marvellously clean record, but communicates to the annals of the reign on which it falls a mark of indelible disgrace. It is a great pity that these letters have been printed. Naturally, the Radical papers have taken them as a sign of the statesmanlike quality of the Queen's mind; but, while we do not venture to pronounce upon such a point, we may be permitted to express a strong opinion that they betray the eminently unstatesmanlike quality of Archbishop Tait's, and to regret that he should so signally have failed his Sovereign in her time of need. The results of Mr. Gladstone's measure have been to make the Irish Church in most material respects stronger than she was before, while Ireland as a whole has suffered, and will suffer, from a measure which satisfied nobody, which has done incalculable harm, and which might have been averted by a little pluck, firmness, and real statesmanship on the part of the head of the English Church of the time.

With this serious exception, the conduct of Tait as archbishop deserves little but praise. As he began to feel firmer in his seat and surer of his influence, he initiated and carried through many beneficial schemes, and also did much to moderate the rancour of polemical factions. All these things are very fully detailed by Bishop Davidson and Mr. Benham; but to most readers the notices of the Archbishop's family and private life will be the most interesting part of this biography. A severe illness led to the appointment of the excellent Archdeacon Parry as suffragan Bishop of Dover and the revival of an old Act by which so many suffragans have since been consecrated. In 1875 Tait's heart was filled with joy and thankfulness when his only son was ordained a priest by him at Addington. In 1877 the young vicar of St. John's, Notting Hill, broke down in health. After months of the gravest anxiety, he improved a little in May 1878, and was able to attend service in the chapel at Addington, and a little later was moved to Stonehouse. Here, after a few days—with their usual vagueness as to dates, the authors do not tell us exactly when, but it seems to have been about the end of May—he became suddenly worse, and died quietly as he had lived. He was a young man of great promise, who impressed those who knew him with a feeling that he was more weighed down by his father's exalted position than was his father himself. He had the same elasticity of spirits, and an unusual share of genuine humour. The Archbishop says, plaintively, in his Diary, "His sense of humour was infinite. This is a great gift from God for all sufferers." Towards the end of November—the exact date is again omitted—Mrs. Tait died also, and thenceforth the Archbishop faded away, not sorrowfully but cheerfully, thinking more of those about him than of himself, a long stay abroad in 1882 failing to do him any permanent good. His last entry in his Diary was made in August of that year. "I have been thinking to-day of the deaths of all my intimate friends." He lingered till the approach of winter, cheerful, kindly, and considerate to the last.

NOVELS.*

THE name of Mr. Henry Cresswell is not so familiar either to us or to the novel-reading public as perhaps it would be if every one had his deserts; but in *The Hermits of Crizebeck* he has produced a sufficiently well-written and exceedingly interesting, original, and pleasing story. In ease of style and equable flow of narrative he recalls Mr. Norris to the reflective mind, and his humour is not altogether unlike that of the more famous writer. There are considerable differences, however. Mr. Cresswell's humour is less pungent than Mr. Norris's, and his work does not contain nearly so many of those delightful passages at which one laughs or is inclined to laugh aloud while reading them to oneself. On the other hand, Mr. Cresswell is less monotonous. One has not so much the impression that all the characters, wise and foolish, men and women, good and bad, old and young, look at things in the same way, and express themselves in the same

language, and that that way and language are those affected by the author—to the profit of his readers. Mr. Cresswell's characters are distinct enough. The story is told in the first person, and the supposed narrator is a gentleman tending to be elderly, who nourished a singular delusion, apparently shared by his family, that he was the uncle of his mother's sister's daughters, but was otherwise fairly reasonable. These alleged nieces, and ultimately their so-called uncle, lived in the neighbourhood of a monastery, which, after lying in ruins for many years, was bought, renovated, and occupied by a little company of clergymen, who wished, some for one reason and some for another, to live retired from the world, and devote their lives to peaceful seclusion and study. Their original plan was that they should be self-supporting and self-regarding. Their chief rule was never to go outside their premises, or to admit any woman inside. They waited upon themselves, attended chapel, prepared their own food, tended their garden, and read their books. Given such an institution in a country place, with many ladies and country clergy in the immediate neighbourhood, and it was natural that changes should come. Changes did come, and Mr. Cresswell describes them with much picturesque vivacity. In his treatment of the institution which gives the book its title he is particularly happy. The holy men divide into factions, and the conflicts between those who cling to the original idea and those innovating spirits who want to do good and to be of use to their fellow-creatures are admirably described. It is only episodically and briefly that the progress of these conflicts is recorded as the main story goes on outside the walls of the institution; but the reader feels that he knows all about it, interests himself in the disputes of the inmates, and sympathizes heartily, if he has the good fortune to be a man of sense, with that party to which the author ultimately assigns complete and permanent victory. Outside the monastery the events usual in this class of fiction occur in pretty much the usual way. Mr. Cresswell's Nemesis is an unbending deity. The chief pair of lovers come finally to great grief, owing mainly to the injudicious and improper behaviour of one of the innovating "fathers." The lady, indeed, after a disappointment in love and a hysterical succession of excessive piety and noisy atheism, dies of a "cup of cold pizen." Mr. Fothergill, the elderly narrator of the story, cannot be acquitted of some responsibility for her decease. When she avowed that she had adopted infidel opinions, he took it seriously, and reasoned with her more in sorrow than in anger. He ought, we think, to have suggested lightly that her behaviour was silly, and to have insisted strongly that it was un ladylike. But he was solemn, and she took morphia. There are some very good minor characters in the book, especially a delightful female gossip whose information was always accurate. Such persons exist.

The Type-written Letter has the advantage of being short. Into its 172 small pages Mr. Sherard has contrived to crowd as much gloomy and vulgar nonsense as would last many a thoroughly incompetent writer through three long volumes. The story is about a murder. Half-way through, the heroine is tried and convicted for it in much detail, and the trial is richer in gorgeous blunders than any that we remember to have read for some time. Among the most effective is, perhaps, this—Dora Lawton was being tried for having, in concert with Captain Preston, who had mysteriously disappeared, murdered her husband. The judge received by post a letter purporting to be addressed by Captain Preston to a third party, and expressing animosity against the deceased man. Not merely by permission, but at the suggestion of the judge, this "important piece of evidence" was put in and read to the jury as evidence against Dora Lawton, without any proof of its having been written by Captain Preston. It would not be a bit more preposterous to relate gravely how the judge, having removed his raiment, proceeded to sum up to the jury standing on his head in the dock. It is perfectly proper for Mr. Sherard not to know how trials are conducted; but if he does not, why on earth should he endeavour to describe them in detail? After the trial (at Lewes), "When the evening-papers [*sic*] came out with the verdict, people here in London would not believe their eyes. You could see great crowds standing about the street repeating the words 'Guilty! it is not possible!'" and then when the later editions came out, and they heard how she behaved, and what she had said, there was a great sigh of relief. "No innocent woman would have acted like that," that is what everybody says." The hero, who had to save the lady's life, went to "see the editor of the *Northumberland Street Review*," who, as a knowing friend reminded him, was "a fearless, independent man, the most brilliant writer in England, and one of the most influential." The hero also went and asked the Home Secretary how he would be able to eat his breakfast, knowing that "the hideous hangman" was "strangling the life out of one of the prettiest, one of the most elegant, and one of the most refined women in England—an innocent woman, too; for she is innocent, as God hears me." That was no use either, and Travers (the hero) had to fall back on the usual series of impossible coincidences. The existence of this sort of ghastly rubbish shows how very careful poor men should be before they buy a shilling shocker on the chance of being amused.

Sam Chester, speculator and citizen of the U. S. A., gave an expensive and (for New York) fashionable ball. The next morning he failed immensely, and felt too old to profit by it. After mooning about for a bit, he went off by train for an excursion to the country where he had been born. He went slightly mad, and spent two or three nights out; and then recovered and

* *The Hermits of Crizebeck*. By Henry Cresswell, Author of "A Modern Greek Heroine" &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1891.

The Type-written Letter. By Robert H. Sherard, Author of "A Bartered Honour." London: Trischler & Co. 1891.

The Speculator. By Clinton Ross, Author of "The Gallery of a Random Collector." London: Putnam's Sons. 1891.

knew all about it, and made a plan to put things straight. Whether it would have succeeded no one except Mr. Clinton Ross ever knew; because, just when Sam Chester was going to start it, he was struck with apoplexy and fell down dead. His bankruptcy and flight were a source of some annoyance to his daughter and her admirers. That is the story of *The Speculator*, which Mr. Ross has written and caused to be published, on paper which is "long and lean" and "ribbed," like the sea-sand or the Ancient Mariner. It contains much verbose disquisition, a little worthless psychology, and a certain amount of trivial conversation. It is very short, and dull, and American.

THE JOURNAL OF EMILY SHORE.*

THIS book, though it has perhaps no very wide or general appeal, and might be taken up carelessly, even by one of the readers whose tastes it ought to suit, and put down for want of hitting on the right passages, is one of the most remarkable of its kind that have been recently published. Nothing since the *Journal of Caroline Fox* has equalled it as a contribution to those feminine autobiographies in which French is so rich and English so poor; while if Emily Shore's life was shorter and her list of acquaintance less interesting than Miss Fox's, her personality is, perhaps, even more remarkable. She died of consumption rather more than fifty years ago, in Madeira, when she was not yet twenty, and though very well connected, she had lived, even for an English girl of half a century since, an exceptionally quiet life, chiefly in rather remote parts of the country. Her father, a man of some family and of good education, appears to have been both a crotcheter and a prig. He was in orders, but would accept no benefice on account of some scruples as to the Thirty-nine Articles, which are not precisely defined. From his daughter's references to him, he would seem to have been a sort of Evangelical Broad-Churchman, born out of due time, with a hatred of field sports, a sickly sort of Radicalism in politics, and the kind of conventional and unreasoning prudishness which made him forbid Emily to read *Childe Harold* and allow her to read Massinger and Ford. As he would not take a benefice, he supported himself by coaching young men of family, and seems to have brought up his children very much in the Mr. Harlow style—a style which, barring the priggishness of it, was not a bad style, and which certainly, even after its priggishness is admitted, can give points to that fashionable in our own day.

Emily was a youthful genius, and seems to have been but too conscious, towards the end of her short life, that she had partly contributed to her own ill-health by overwork. She once fell in love, the story being very prettily told here, with that rarest of all qualities, an imitation of which the French call *candeur adorable*. Either her parents (in which case we have our own opinion about their present place of abode) or his (in which case the young man has probably gone to the same place for a fool) forbade the banns. We feel nearly convinced that, if she had married, she would have been alive and a very delightful grandmother of seventy-two or so at this moment. As it was, she died, as we have said, before twenty. The portrait frontispiece has against it not merely the peculiarly unbecoming dress and coiffure of 1830-1840, but the fact that most of her hair had been cut off during an illness before it was taken, and that the same illness had wasted her features to what unkind criticism might call a rather "nigging" scale. But she is said to have been very pretty, and we can believe it.

Her face, however, is dust long ago. Not so her journal, which is, in a quiet way, astonishing. She kept it from her twelfth year to her death—copious, exquisitely written, illustrated with neat drawings, recording the gradual and prematurely arrested development of a "beautiful soul," as nothing else that we know in English does. The precocity is as unusual in kind as in degree. There are none of the preternaturally clever things which clever children usually say, or are supposed to say; but an extraordinary measure of sanity and composure. From what has been said of her father's peculiarities, it will be expected that her stock of ideas and scale of judgment were both not a little narrow at first. And, accordingly, we get delightful childish condemnations offhand of the wicked Oxford school who played cricket with their parishioners on Sunday, and so forth. Although her literary cultivation was always considerable, she at first preferred natural science, and especially natural history, to literature. Always, too, she had a little touch of excessive maidenliness—almost of prudery—which evidently came from no natural taint (for she could admire the Elizabethan dramatists, and adore Spenser, the least prudish of poets), but was the result of education. A conversation which she gives between herself as a child and a young lady who went much into society, and in which she expresses horror of a world which does not talk about science and natural history, is clearly humorous in part (she herself calls it a "merry talk"), and from some published fragments she evidently had strong dramatic faculty; but, like most clever children so brought up, she was, no doubt, a little too bookish. Yet, with all these drawbacks, the book is full of interest. We may attempt some running account of its contents; but such things are to be read rather than abstracted.

It will be well to begin by not reading the preface, which contains a passage from "a highly-qualified friendly critic" likely to irritate the elect. But every person must rejoice when he finds the children Arabella and Emily (it was just in 1832) tormenting a newly-arrived pupil of the orthodox Whig house of Howard by showing him verses they had written against Reform, and "denouncing the newspapers as only vehicles of deception." Shortly afterwards the family played at kings and queens. "We chose—," because, being the youngest, he probably would not control us much; and, in fact, I did get all the acting power myself, being made his principal guard." History out of the mouth of babes and sucklings! There is a miraculously precocious criticism of the *Lord of the Isles*, followed by a brief commendation of "two very spirited poems, author unknown, on Moncontour and Ivry." The child author was acquainted to some extent with the Cambridge set of the day, and has passages on James Spedding, Malkin, and others, while Praed was her father's first cousin; and one of the pleasantest passages in the book gives some account of him (accounts of Praed are curiously rare) at the very scene of the "Letters from Teignmouth." At fourteen "the horrid habit of smoking, which everybody save Mr. Kemble abhorred," comes in for rebuke, as also the dreadful practice of telling servants to say you are not at home when you are; while shortly after the young lady "longs to become acquainted with every manufacture in England." Depression at these excessively Barlovian sentiments is, however, removed by some most just remarks on Herodotus and Elizabethan English, on Clara Novello, Grisi, Lablache, and Rubini—but Tom Rubini, his brother, she did not hear—and by an ingenious and relished story about the way in which Mrs. Siddons avoided giving precedence to ladies of higher rank. The poor child, who, when barely seventeen, was struck by the disease which killed her, gives an interesting account of the influenza of 1837—an "awful epidemic"—and is then ordered to Devonshire. There she meets Praed and Praed's cousins and hers, and "Mr. Henry Warren," the hero of her brief romance, a "great improvement on the race of young men of the present day," of whom she had seen so much! We regret to say that he read her "beautiful passages from *Childe Harold*—*Childe Harold* the forbidden. She "peeped into the celebrated *Pickwick Papers*;" but a little of them went a long way with her, though she was at this very time increasing in wisdom and stature marvellously in the critical sense. Nor, indeed, was that wonderful book likely to commend itself at once to a girl of eighteen, romantic, in love, *poitrine*, desperately in earnest, and only by degrees working herself free from a priggish education. That there was nothing wrong with her in reality is shown by the fact that she delighted in Trelawny's *Adventures of a Younger Son*. She heard with awe that Mrs. Charles Trevelyan could repeat all Pollok's *Course of Time*, a fact which, it has been observed, is not without bearing on Home Rule politics and the member for Bridgeton. She meets Mrs. Browning's papa, and receives a letter signed "E. A. Freeman," which is quite startling, till it turns out to be from a lady. And then "the night cometh," with, as so constantly happens in her disease, a singular quickening of the intellectual faculties and no apparent repining.

We observe that, as we foretold, this summary gives little idea of the book. Nor, in truth, is it to be recommended to any one who cannot read with *recueillement* and make allowances. To any one who can do these two things, who likes minor keys, and who can distinguish between refinement and morbidity, its attraction will not take long in making itself felt.

THE DAWN OF THE REFORMATION.*

ALTHOUGH this book has not been written, so the author tells us, "in any spirit of stinted attachment to our Protestant Reformation," it is on the whole less affected by partisan bias than we expected to find it after reading this prefatory announcement. Now and again, indeed, we come across a statement that is likely to mislead; still, events are generally recorded accurately enough, and though we do not by any means agree with many of the Rev. H. Worsley's opinions, we are perfectly aware that they have been held and advanced by others before him. The subject of his book may be described briefly as the religious history of England from the accession of Henry VIII. to the separation from Rome. The death of Wolsey comes in the last chapter; but this event, in common with some others, is told out of chronological order, for no reason that we can suggest. Mr. Worsley writes pleasantly, though his work as a whole is rather scrappy and deficient in proportion. He gives prominence to the personal element in his story, not writing separate biographies, but as far as possible grouping events round persons, and recording them in connexion with the lives of those principally concerned in them. The general view of the state of the Church in the fifteenth century, with which his volume opens, is vague and unsatisfactory. If his remark that the clergy were wanting in national feeling is, as we suppose, to be referred to the period under discussion, it is singularly unfortunate. We think that there is ground for believing that the clergy were more truly part of the nation in spirit in the fifteenth century than

* *The Journal of Emily Shore*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

* *The Dawn of the English Reformation; its Friends and Foes*. By Henry Worsley, M.A., Vicar of Ashford Bowdler. London: Elliot Stock.

they had been in the two preceding centuries. We get a fair picture of the Renaissance at Oxford in the notices of the lives and work of Grocyn, Lily, Colet, Erasmus, and others of the same band of famous scholars. As far, however, as Grocyn is concerned, Mr. Worsley has something to learn; he should not have neglected to consult Professor Burrows's admirable little monograph in a recent volume of the Oxford Historical Society's publications. From the Oxford scholars he passes to the Cambridge Gospellers, dwelling chiefly on the work of Bilney. A large part of the volume is devoted to an account of Tyndale's labours and the introduction of his translation of the New Testament into England. Mr. Worsley justly remarks that, when the Gospellers knew that the book would shortly appear, they "did all that fatuity could do to endanger the success of the cause which they had at heart." Unprepared to face death for their opinions, they provoked those in authority by acrimonious attacks both in sermons and in riming and other pamphlets written for, and widely circulated amongst, the lower ranks of the people. In the literary controversy with the Reformers the leading part was taken by Sir Thomas More, of whose life and character Mr. Worsley writes at some length. His attempt at dealing with More's treatment of heretics is feeble and indecisive. That More was a man of a cruel nature is not held by any one who is capable of forming an unprejudiced opinion, while the specific charges of acts of personal cruelty which have been brought against him rest on untrustworthy evidence, and are disproved by his public denial of them. At the same time no one will deny that he was active in putting in force the cruel laws, as we now regard them, against heretics, for he deemed that he was doing his duty by helping forward the persecution, and causing men whom he looked on as dangerous both to the Church and the State to be put to death according to law.

Mr. Worsley's narrative of the divorce and the separation of the Church of England from Rome has some flaws which show either that he is over-anxious to represent men and measures hostile to Rome in the best possible light, or that he has, on these points, given himself up to the guidance of mere partisan writers. He believes Henry to have been really troubled in conscience with reference to his marriage with Katharine, and so far we will not quarrel with him, for in Henry's case the saying that "the hearts of kings are unsearchable" has peculiar point. As, however, he does not speak of the King's passion for Anne Boleyn until he has recorded the events of the summer of 1527, and then introduces it merely as a "circumstance which contributed to inflame the asperity of the royal scruples," his readers, unless they know better, are extremely likely to confuse cause and effect. He is needlessly indignant at Gardiner's behaviour to Wolsey on his fall; there is really no ground, so far as we know, for talking about Gardiner's "stony heart"; he seems to have done what he could for the fallen minister. Cromwell certainly did a great deal more, but if Mr. Worsley had quoted the whole, instead of merely a few words, of a certain famous passage from Cavendish, he would have enabled his readers to see more clearly that Cromwell's chief anxiety was on his own account. The events of Cromwell's early life are muddled together; the insinuation that his father was in a better position than that of a smith, fuller, and tavern-keeper, is not supported by fact; when the "jealous nobles stigmatized him as a low-born knave," they said no more than the truth, and no more than was said of him by the King, his master. The story that he learnt Erasmus's Latin New Testament by heart is not more likely to be true because Dean Hook's reason for rejecting it seems to have been mistaken; it rests only on Foxe's authority, and Foxe refers this pious exercise to a date earlier than that of the appearance of the book. Mr. Worsley is anxious to explain away Cromwell's petition to Pope Julius II. for the grant of the Boston pardons, and he does so by a device the credit of which must surely belong to him alone. He assumes that the whole story is a "ribald jest," and the Boston pardons "a hoax in mockery of the monks and their wares." Monks and their wares—whatever they may have been—have nothing to do with the privileges which Cromwell obtained from the Pope; the Guild of Our Lady at Boston was certainly not a fiction—the pardons are, we believe, still in existence in a MS. belonging to Stonyhurst—and Foxe, as a Boston man, must in this case be accepted as a perfectly trustworthy authority. We might give other instances in which Mr. Worsley's Protestant zeal has outrun his judgment; but we have not found one that can match this theory concerning the Boston pardons, and will therefore content ourselves with noting one more blemish in his work—to our mind the most serious of all. His short account of the proceedings in Convocation with reference to the Act of Recognition of 1531 is wholly misleading, and appears to have been written with the object of making his readers believe that Convocation wittingly discarded the Roman obedience, and was willing to acknowledge the King as sole head of the Church after God (*post Deum*). The truth, of course, is that the King, finding that the clergy objected, even under the extreme pressure which he applied, to accept his claim in its original form, signified his willingness to assent to the addition of the words *post Deum*, that they were not satisfied with this modification, and finally adopted a very different modification, to which a general, but evidently reluctant, assent was obtained.

FOUR BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

BOOKS have been multiplied of late on Scripture lands, yet Mr. Wilson has written a delightful volume. There is freshness in the free and sparkling style, and, strange to say, there is freshness in many of the subjects. Mr. Wilson is a bold and adventurous traveller; he struck into tracks and districts seldom explored, among rascally Bedouins responsible to no one. In the face of considerable hardships and no little actual peril, he resolutely followed out his investigations, though occasionally compelled to change or modify his plans. Comparing the opinions of distinguished travellers by the light of his personal experiences, his views on the sacred sites are always intelligent and intelligible. A devout believer, he is mainly guided by the sacred narrative and by geography; but he takes tradition for what it is worth, and it is often worth a good deal in countries where everybody is eminently conservative. Moreover, Mr. Wilson is an admirable photographer, and the photographs not only embellish the volume, but are sometimes a suggestive commentary on the text. The gloomy gorge of the Sikr at Petra, giving a glimpse of the glistening white columns of the most famous of the rock-temples, is an effective frontispiece to a series which ends practically with a useful map of Palestine in relief. He sets out, like the Israelites from Egypt, and diverges, before passing through the land of Goshen, to examine some of the tombs and temples on the Nile. Lately we have heard a good deal of the discovery of the mausoleum of the Pharaohs at Deir-el-Bahari. Mr. Wilson, who heard the story from Brugsch Bey, tells it dramatically—how the Arab, who had been selling antiquarian treasure, was arrested, carried to Cairo, tortured and bastinadoed at the instigation of the learned European curators of the Bûlaq Museum—how he held good against blows and imprisonment, till one of his brethren succumbed to bakshish, selling the secret for a modest sum of money; and how Brugsch followed his sullen and reluctant guides to the mouth of the dark and narrow shaft, knowing that each man would be glad to murder him, but trusting in his magazine rifle—though, as matter of fact, the danger could not have been great, as the Arabs could scarcely have dared to make away with an illustrious Government official. Mr. Wilson gives excellent photographs of some of those primeval autocrats with their consorts and princesses. He pronounces the expression of Rameses II. unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal. To us the head seems that of a high-born gentleman, somewhat supercilious, as he well might be, but the sort of monarch who would surround himself with high Tory Ministers and stand no sort of nonsense from the *plebs*. There are picturesque descriptions of the scenery in the Peninsula of Sinai and charming photographs of it. At the spot identified as the Wells of Elam, with the luxuriant flags and shrubs bending over the water, we get an idea of those delightful oases which relieve the general sterility. Dilating on the glorious view from the summit of Serbal, which embraces the waters of either gulf, he gives an impressive notion not only of the extreme purity of the air, but of the circumscribed space in which the Israelites wandered. That Serbal cannot be the veritable Sinai is clear enough, while the adjacent Ras Sufsafah fulfils all the conditions. It is strange to be reminded of the treasures and miracles of art with which the piety of ages has gifted the lonely Convent of St. Catharine. The warlike Bedouins, looking up at the windowless walls, and well aware of the wealth in the shrines within, must be continually enduring the tortures of Tantalus, unless custom has taught them resignation. Wandering towards the north-east, still in the track of the chosen people, the rose-coloured glories of rock and hill and torrent-bed more than made up for the absence of foliage and verdure. It was a fitting approach to the rock city of Petra, which Mr. Wilson literally took by surprise. By dash and shrewd diplomacy, for once he got the better of its rugged and watchful guardians, slipping into the heart of its stony recesses before they could muster in force to intercept him. Then they took their revenge in characteristic fashion. They threatened and bullied, and they had the power to carry out their menaces. The party might have been massacred, and no one would have been much the wiser. The Arabs constituted themselves Mr. Wilson's cicerones, charging so much a sight. By way of afterthought, they were always suggesting something for which he had forgotten to pay. When not surrounded by a living and moving wall, some spy would spring up from behind a rock or bush. As it was, however, he appears to have seen more of the place than any European since Laborde first brought its marvels to light, and he found constant employment for his camera. Nor did he leave the valley without some bloodshed, though a handful of dollars stanchied the blood-feud. He had nearly equally disagreeable experiences with another tribe of mendicant vagabonds on the borderland between the districts of Kadesh and Hebron. They refused to permit his camels and their Peninsular drivers to cross their territory, and they declined to supply camels of their own. They sold him 'hospitality' at fancy charges, and he was glad to escape their clutches at the cost of emptying his purse. We cannot follow him into the

* In Scripture Lands. By Edward L. Wilson. London: Religious Tract Society. 1891.

Alone through Syria. By Ellen E. Miller. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1891.

Tahiti, the Garden of the Pacific. By Dora Hort. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

Swiss Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil. New Edition. London: Religious Tract Society. 1891.

Holy Land, though we should gladly have kept him company till the narrative ends in Damascus.

Alone through Syria is recommended in an introduction by Mr. Sayce. Miss Miller's little book is unpretentious, but she is always a pleasant companion. Beginning like Mr. Wilson in the Land of Egypt, she followed generally the same line of route to the Lebanon. That she travelled alone says much for her spirit and independence, and, moreover, in her wanderings in Palestine she had the courage to dispense with tents and cast herself on the hospitality of the inhabitants. The ordeal was the more trying that she suffered from a form of ophthalmia and had nearly been compelled to give up the journey in consequence. She gives some useful information as to her sojourn in Egyptian rural hotels; the chief drawback being that the accommodation is quite inadequate to the demand during the tourist season. Like the tenant of an East London rookery in arrears with the rent, you live in perpetual terror of eviction. In Palestine, however, where hotels are scarce, she was inclined to sigh for the Egyptian fleshpots. In the little hostelry of Jericho the overcrowding was equally great, and it was impossible to sleep in the tropical heat with the utter absence of tropical luxuries. A tent in the open would have been infinitely preferable. She sought to console herself with the magnificent view of a landscape bathed in the moonlight and backed up by the hills of Moab. Next morning she was somewhat disenchanted by a lively party of Cook's excursionists picnicking and bathing on the shore of the Dead Sea. She might have been prepared for the shock to her sentiment, however, by having found the Wells of Moses in possession of a body of jovial Germans who had brought their own beer that they might be independent of the muddy water. Her experiences in quest of quarters were various. At the Latin Convent of Acre she was required to pay the bill in advance, and was only admitted in the mistaken belief that she was a Catholic instead of a Protestant and heretic. In a pretentious chamber on the Lebanon she found it impossible, after a hot and dusty ride, to procure either water or a towel; and the fleas and mosquitos, which swarmed in myriads, were naturally the nuisances of every night. On the other hand, as a lady and alone, she sometimes found tolerably comfortable headquarters in the philanthropic Christian establishments for Eastern females and managed by English Sisters of Charity.

Miss Miller writes as a devout Christian pilgrim in Biblical scenes. We should fancy that the author of *Tahiti* is a lady of very different stamp and tone. Mrs. Hort is a cosmopolitan and a woman of the world, and a very queer world she has necessarily mixed in. Her husband seems to have been a Californian merchant who owned or chartered many ships, and went in for commercial and agricultural speculations in Tahiti, which caused him infinite anxiety. Mrs. Hort wisely eschews dates—so far as we remember, there are none in the volume—for her experiences are by no means recent, and appear to go back to the days of the French Empire. She is sprightly, and generally amusing enough, but she seems to have been singularly unfortunate in her acquaintances and friends, and, in fact, in everybody whom she ever came across. She has always something disagreeable to say; she has an infallible flair for unpleasant traits of character, and she positively revels in scandals. If we accept her testimony as approximately true, the French protectorate in Tahiti was shabbily and selfishly oppressive, and the very highest officials were disreputable and shamelessly unscrupulous. She enjoyed the intimacy of two Imperial commissioners and their consorts: the first couple was bad enough, but the second was infinitely worse. Naturally the white society took its tone from its heads, and very agreeable it must have been. As for morality, that was universally ignored; notorious seductions were of everyday occurrence. The whites formed temporary connections, euphemistically described as native marriages; and, when they entered on legitimate wedlock or left the country, they always took French leave of their penniless paramours and children. Beachcombers of the better-to-do class, and merchant-skippers of shady antecedents, were freely received in fashionable circles. Every man, when he could swindle the natives out of the acres they were loath to part with, or when he acquired a principality by a *mariage de convenance*, did what was right in his own eyes, in virtue of his territorial rights. One gentleman who entertained Mrs. Hort, though it is true she blamed and detested him, prided himself on the introduction of a patent guillotine, which he speedily tested on a recalcitrant labourer. An Italian supercargo, a doctor and a man of science to boot, told facetiously in course of conversation at an evening party how when food and water were running short on a voyage he had twice administered *boissons rafraichissantes* to superfluous coolies, or, in other words, had poisoned them by the score. Of some 500 he originally shipped only five or six were safely landed; and these the good doctor appropriated for his serviles. He settled down with them on a small estate, was welcomed socially as a pleasant acquisition, and died rich and respected. But if man is vile, nature is glorious, and Mrs. Hort paints most seductive pictures of the sensuous beauties of that Garden of the Pacific.

Of the excellent *Swiss Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil* there is very little to be said except that this new edition, which is partly re-written, is a decided improvement on the former. Mr. Whympre contributes some new illustrations, and it is always pleasant to glance at drawings and dip into pages which revive pleasant recollections of touring and mountain work.

LAPSUS CALAMI.*

IN noticing briefly the first appearance of this little volume (which has anticipated our fuller notice by appearing again a month later, "reprinted from standing type"), we observed that it follows with unequal steps the great C. S. C. Mr. J. K. S. invites the comparison, it is fair to say, and it may be with some rashness. For C. S. C. that unequalled product *utrinusque Academicus* signaled himself by producing nothing bad. Some things in *Verses and Translations* and *Fly Leaves* are, no doubt, better than other things; it rarely strikes one that any are worse than others. We cannot say quite so much of the pleasant little book which J. K. S. has clothed in Cambridge (or shall we say Eton?) blue, and which contains mostly reminiscences and redolences of these two holy shades. The lines which end

When the Rodyards cease from kipling,
And the Haggards Ride no more

(an ending which is itself a fair fourth-form smartness) seem to us chiefly to deserve the epithets which are respectively applied to stone monuments of a certain kind, and to the fat scullion of story. And there are some other things which we either wish away or take no great pleasure in. But the best of the bunch, the pick of the basket, are extremely pleasing. "A Political Allegory" is like the soufflé which Arthur Pendennis set before his uncle not far from the place where Mr. J. K. S. wrote, "very light and good." There are excellent things (with weak ones) in "The Grand Old Pipe."

I forgot that our ruler was dealing
With scamps of the Sheridan type,
When the true orange colour was stealing
O'er the face of My Grand Old Pipe.

is good Calverley and true. The Latin "Coll Regal" (there is no language like Latin a little caninized for comic verse) is again capital; and so are the English Boating Song and the "Little-go," a parody on "Kafoodleum" (which great lyric J. K. S. should not spell with a "ph"). The Browning parodies exhibit J. K. S.'s inequality; for not even Mr. Traill has very far exceeded that "To A. S."; while the version of "The Last Ride Together" is (quite apart from the fact that this Ollendorfian poem is unparodiabable) flat and dull. But the "Triolets Ollendorfiens" have a plaintive and musical "silly-sooth"ishness which is purely delightful; while "Lines at the Riverside" follow a master very rarely followed with success in this vein—one W. M. T. Once at least J. K. S. strikes a deeper note well:—

She broke my heart, as women do;
Harm to harmdoers oft recurs;
It happened in a year or two
That I broke hers.

That *revanche* occurs but seldom; Fortune has too much sympathy with her sex-fellows.

To conclude, we have only one thing unforgiven, unforgivable, against J. K. S.—that he, a scholar, a man of letters, a humourist, a pipophilist, an anti-Gladstonian, an almost all-that-is-good man, writes "Vergil." How often are we to point out that, for men of letters who are scholars and scholars who are men of letters, there is no such vocable as "Vergil" in the world, nor ever will be? "Vergilius," in Latin, if you like (you needn't, but if you like). But "Virgil" in English, absolutely, peremptorily, without stay of judgment, without leave to appeal:—

'Twas Virgil made to ache our fathers' head,
'Twas Virgil made them otherwise to tingle:
O J. K. S. I how canst thou be a ped-
ant, and yet C. S. C.'s sole heir and single?

HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA.†

ALL students of South African records owe gratitude to Mr. Theal. Rarely has a history been published bearing evidence of greater research, fairness, and attention to detail than the work of which the present volume is an instalment. But it would be idle to contend that the results are interesting to the general reader. At the best the history of the Cape is not an enlivening subject, made up as it is of interminable petty wars with Kaffir chiefs now forgotten, of recriminations between the Dutch and English populations, and of the long record of blundering at home and resentment in the colony, resulting sooner or later in open rebellion. Such matters dealt with in minute detail will attract few outside of the little class of students of the subject, and it is to this class and its successors that Mr. Theal must look for appreciation and reward. History to appeal to the public must have some of the qualities of romance; and here these are absent. There is more dramatic interest in the tale of the rise and fall of the Zulu power than in all the rest of South African history put together.

Mr. Theal's present volume opens with an account of the events following the surrender of the Cape Colony to the British forces on the 16th September, 1795. The capitulation was received sullenly by the colonists, but little active opposition followed. A

* *Lapsus Calami*. By J. K. S. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1891.

† *History of South Africa (1795-1834)*. By G. McCall Theal. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

year later, in the waters of Saldanha Bay, Admiral Elphinstone and the English fleet captured nine Dutch ships of war without the firing of a single shot, an incident that in all probability was not without its effect on the minds of the rebellious burghers. Six years passed, and on the 27th March, 1802, a treaty of peace between England and France was signed at Amiens, under the terms of which the sovereignty of the Cape was restored to the Batavian Republic. On the 20th of February, 1803, this condition was carried out, and the Batavian flag flew once more on the walls of the Castle. It did not fly for very long. Troubles broke out again in Europe, and on the 4th January, 1806, a British fleet cast anchor by Robben Island. Four days later the battle of Blueberg was fought and won by General Baird, with a loss to the English of fifteen killed, and on the 10th January articles of capitulation were signed by the Batavian commanders. Thus the Cape passed back to the British Crown. For many years it did not prove a very profitable possession. The expenditure was almost always in excess of the revenue, nor did financial experiments with paper-money suffice to relieve the pecuniary pressure, and meet the expenses of a costly administration and of petty native wars. Efforts were made to improve the state of agriculture by means of model farms, but the farms cost money, and the Boer settlers refused to be instructed.

In 1820 it occurred to the Home Government that it might be possible, by means of emigration, to relieve the acute distress of the labouring classes which followed the fall of Napoleon, and at the same time to benefit the Cape Colony; and a sum of 50,000*l.* was devoted to this purpose. Under this emigration scheme some four thousand settlers, of English, Scotch, and Irish extraction, were brought out to the Cape. As it introduced a large Anglo-Saxon element, in its ultimate results this immigration did much for the colony; but at the time its failure was complete. The Irish party under the leadership of Mr. Parker, it is instructive to note, quarrelled violently among themselves, even before they reached the Promised Land, and then dispersed, refusing to live in one settlement. For the rest, for the most part the settlers were without the necessary experience of agricultural pursuits and unused to manual labour, and, to make matters worse, a blight ruined their first harvest, and in 1823 a great flood destroyed the Albany Settlement, reducing its inhabitants to the last distress. In the end, matters righted themselves somewhat, and the incompetent having dispersed in search of more congenial occupations, those of the immigrants who remained reaped the fruits of the experience which they had gained so hardly, and became prosperous cattle-farmers. The next event of importance in the history of the Cape was the emancipation of the slaves in 1833 by Act of the Imperial Parliament. There were in the colony at this date some thirty-nine thousand slaves appraised at a value of over three million pounds. Twenty million sterling was voted by Parliament to recompense the owners of slaves in various dependencies, and of this sum the Commissioners under the Emancipation Act awarded to the Cape one million two hundred and forty-seven pounds only. Nor was this all the evil. The money due on each claim was to be paid in Three and a Half per Cent. stock after the claim itself had been proved before Commissioners in London. Further, a stamp of 3*s.* was to be placed on every set of documents, and all the expenses connected with the Act in each colony were to be deducted from the amount awarded to that colony. These tidings produced a financial panic in the Cape, and excited animosity against English rule, which ended in the great treks; but that history Mr. Theal reserves to be dealt with in a future volume.

SHERIDAN'S PLAYS.*

THE little memoir of Sheridan which Mr. Dircks has prefixed to this edition of his plays, and which, despite its somewhat pretentious arrangement in sections *à la Française*, is clearly and pleasantly written, reveals to us one resemblance between the author of *The Rivals* and the author of *She Stoops to Conquer* which we do not remember to have noticed hitherto. To both, in their boyish days, was applied the same stigma of stupidity, in nearly similar terms. Sheridan, says Mr. Dircks, was recommended by his clever mother to a Dublin schoolmaster as an "impenetrable dunce." This, if we remember aright, is almost the exact sentence applied by Elizabeth Delap to the little Irish boy who, at Lissoy, learnt his letters at her knee. He was "impenetrably stupid" she used to say, in her old age, of Goldsmith, whom by that time she had grown to regard as her favourite pupil. "To those that eddy round and round," or perhaps to the parents of such, it should be encouraging to remember that, in their childhood, one of the best of English wits, and one of the best of English humourists, languished under the common condemnation of exceeding dullness. For the rest, so much has been written recently in these pages respecting Sheridan, that it is not easy to say more on the subject of Mr. Dircks's book. He puts the established facts of Sheridan's life with sufficient accuracy; he has not neglected the recent labours of Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Lloyd Sanders (whom he allows his printers to call Sander); and he speaks, with more

courtesy than accuracy, of Mrs. Oliphant's "admirable" Life. He tells a good anecdote of the famous Begum speech; but, curiously enough, in referring to the passage of the monody on Garrick, which Sheridan borrowed from Garrick's own prologue to *The Clandestine Marriage*, although he mentions an earlier form of the idea in Cibber, he omits all reference to the writer from whom Garrick directly adapted his well-known lines on the perishable nature of the actor's art. Not to leave the friend of Churchill and Cowper in the cold, we quote the following from *The Actor* of Robert Lloyd, 1760:—

Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times th' Eternal Nature feel.
Tho' blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
While more than half becomes the Actor's share,
Relentless Death untwists the mingled fame,
And sinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

This is what Garrick, substituting painter for poet, concentrated into the couplet:—

Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save;
The art and artist have one common grave.

Hazlitt, as Mr. Dircks points out, subsequently elaborated the same thought in one of his essays.

NOVELS.*

ARE the people in the world, and especially those of the world, so selfish, so self-centred, so innately and profoundly vulgar as they appear to be in the eyes of Cecil Dunstan, the writer of *Quita*? We do not mean vulgar in manner or speech; for, though they say they are "very pleased," and "very opposed," and wear diamonds on their forefingers in the morning, these things are comparatively little; but vulgar in soul and mind, incapable of a generous sentiment or a pure affection. Surely if a real *Quita*—a sweet, gentle, lovely girl, born abroad of English parents, brought up to adore England, trained by a well-read father, and educated in the best sense by contact with accomplished people—surely if such an orphaned girl should arrive in our London of to-day, artificial and insincere as much of it is, she would find some kind heart, some friendly hand to meet her, some human being to feel her charm, and love her for it. But Cecil Dunstan's *Quita* does not. Her relations, the De Moleyns, turn icy shoulders on her. Such acquaintances as they are forced to introduce to her take no special notice of the girl, exquisite as she is, and her father's old college friend uses the power of his position, his intellect, and *Quita's* tender memory of her father to gain her heart, having a lunatic wife living unknown to every one. Is it because the author of *Quita* really thinks the world so hard and bad that so sweet a being cannot pierce its selfish crust, or is it an artistic wish to place a pure character against a background which shall throw it out? *Quita* wins the reader's liking; but she wins no friend in her brief life. The men who want to marry her do not count. She is beautiful and an heiress, and has hosts of male followers. Even the poor creatures on whom she lavishes gifts and whom she befriends so generously are not grateful to her, are not fond of her. When the girl lies on her death-bed with her foolish boy lover standing by her, she says to herself, "Poor Jack! He is the only person who will care," and it is so, nor will the boy lover care very long. It is a pity the author has made so sad an ending of the story. The introduction of the younger Leslie, lover in succession to his father, seems a mistake. It is not ill managed, and what might have been unpleasant in less tactful hands is carefully and inoffensively treated, but it is needlessly painful. That, and the constant use of the present tense, a habit now surely played out, and only suggestive of haste and avoidance of trouble, are the defects of a very clever story.

The Halletts would be a good book to take into a hammock in a quiet garden on a hot afternoon. There is a good deal of it, plenty to come and go upon, and if the sweet serenity of sleep should visit the eyelids of the reader, no great harm will happen. There is placid flow, a quiet movement about the story rather provocative to repose, and there is absolutely nothing to irritate or excite. *The Halletts* is a "County Town Chronicle," and has, it seems, already appeared in a magazine under the title *Senior and Junior*. Mr. Hallett, the lawyer of Melchisford, was, we suppose, the senior, and Mr. Andrew Hallett, his son and partner, the junior on the former occasion. Both were prone to wickedness, but the

* *Quita*. By Cecil Dunstan. 2 vols. London: Warl & Downey. 1891.

The Halletts: a County Town Chronicle. By Leslie Keith. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1891.

Strangers and Waxfarers. By Sarah Orne Jewett. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1891.

Between Two Lovers. By Colonel Rowan Hamilton. 2 vols. London: White & Co. 1891.

The Grey Pool. By Frances Parthenope, Lady Verney. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, & Co. 1891.

Whom God hath Joined. By Fergus Hume. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1891.

* *The Plays of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*. Edited, with an Introduction, by Rudolf Dircks. London: Walter Scott.

junior was at least honest to himself about it, and did not affect to sneer or be ill-tempered while nursing his ill projects. An estate has been left to a lost grandson if he turns up within a year. If he does not, the property goes to a feeble-minded grandniece. Mr. Andrew Hallett, instigated by his father, but himself perfectly "willin'," makes love to the feeble-minded one, thinking reasonably enough that, as the grandson has been wanted for twenty-seven years, he will not now be found. He is found; but ten minutes or so too late, so Mr. and Mrs. Andrew get the property. The extraordinary part of the affair is that the grandson is quite indifferent to his loss. He is an author who has published one successful book. "Haven't I got my pen?" he says, when the clock strikes twelve and the thousands a year vanish. A sanguine youth, apparently, and yet he is humble too, for he has his literary club in a "City tavern, where one or two Grub Street hacks like myself meet for an hour." He was engaged, however, to a very charming girl, also a Hallett, and, in that condition, all seems possible. As in most novels by ladies, the women in *The Halletts* are better done than the men, and the old men better than the young. The style is even, simple, and good; but to err is human. A young woman should never be described as "mignon," and Leslie Keith is mistaken about the Laird o' Cockpen and his enterprise.

One of the pleasantest of the many little collections of American short stories is Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's *Strangers and Wayfarers*. There is a poetic sympathy and perception of the tenderer side of the rude New England exterior which make them interesting. "A Winter Courtship" is an American version of a famous idyl. In "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation," a sketch of an old lady whose mind has been shattered by the deaths of her husband and sons in the Civil War, and who is led by a delightful old nigger, faithful to his service in his new freedom, to see her old home, existing no longer, the pathos is true and deep. Miss Jewett knows the Irish, either in Ireland or in America, very well, and can write the brogue as well as the New England twang or the negro dialect. "The Luck of the Bogans" is full of genuine Irish feeling, and the Irish priest is extremely well drawn, true to life of one of the best types, unhappily scarcer now than in former days. As with most of these slight stories, the later in the volume are less good than those placed first.

Some of the best modern novels dealing with the social aspects of life have been written by military men; but, as a rule, the ordinary military novel is—very ordinary. Much more than this cannot be said for Captain Rowan Hamilton's *Belviset Two Lovers*. The author is sufficiently at home in writing of the fighting at Ulundi or the relief of Ekowe; and it is not easy to describe an Irish hunting-field without awakening interest; but as a story the book is naught. One might go further, and say it is naughty; for the behaviour of one of Miss MacDonald's lovers is as reprehensible as the levity of the young lady in so easily condoning it; but that would be making too much of incidents which are without weight or consequence. Love-making, fighting, and hunting should be sufficient for an Irish novel; but this is an age of science, and authors will not be behind the age. So we have Professor Kennedy (he, too, is exceedingly naughty), with his hypnotism, his horoscope, and his magnetized rod. He marries a lady who is the naughtiest of them all. What is pleasant in the two little volumes are the occasional glimpses of the scenery in the North of Ireland, where the lady lived in Carrickmanon Castle, and where the two lovers came to woo her. To one who has followed the stag over the springy turf of the Down hills, or ridden after the Kilultagh harriers, these reminiscences of Captain Rowan Hamilton, whose name localizes itself, will be agreeable.

The stories by Lady Verney, collected under the title *The Grey Pool*, show an intimate acquaintance with the habits, ways of speech, and modes of thought of some of our working country-people which would make them useful to the future social historian of England. They display little imaginative or inventive power, nor is the author's constructive ability equal to a long story; but they represent very fairly, with perhaps a touch in excess of sentiment, the lives of Welsh miners, the northern canal population, small landowners, and working agriculturists. The quaint eccentricities of character which, in these social levels, are not rubbed down by the pressure of the conventionalities, are keenly marked by the author's quick sympathy and interested observation, and the result makes pleasant reading. The shorter stories, which are little more than sketches, are much the best from the point of view of fiction. "John Anderson, my Joe," the title telling the story, is touchingly pathetic. "Tellno Lyes" is a capital tale for boys, and "Dulcie Dunne," if not a study from life, shows that Lady Verney can conceive and portray, firmly and consistently, a noble woman.

Mr. Fergus Hume is not without ability as a writer of sensational romances; or, at least, not without the writing quality which gains a large number of readers. In the novel named *Whom God hath Joined* he has, however, taken a tone so much beyond his powers to keep up that the result is an unnatural strain on his own efforts and on the reader's patience. It is doubtful whether anything but special requirement would lead any one of ordinary intelligence to the end of the third volume. Much pains are taken to describe certain men and women, reaching the extreme of mental or physical distinction; but when these beings begin to move and speak, they are limp, flat, commonplace, and vulgar. The dolls are not even stuffed with

honest sawdust. Mr. Eustace Gartney, we are told, is a paradox, a pessimist, a cynic, a poet, a satirist, an egoist, "talked admirably," and fascinated everybody. But Mr. Gartney's utterances do not rise above the level of the feeblest youth of the period. None of the personages woven into this hackneyed plot of misdirected passion have the faintest originality or distinctiveness, and their speech and manners savour of the mews. The work is feeble, and as such might be passed silently by; but it is also tawdry and pretentious.

CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES.*

THIS single though rather bulky volume attempts to cover an astonishingly wide field of learning, including not only the antiquities of Greece and Rome, and to some extent those of Egypt and Etruria, but also the whole subject of the biography and mythology of classical times. On the whole the result cannot be said to be really satisfactory; the space allowed for each article is so limited that in many cases the information given is so fragmentary and scanty as to be quite worthless even for the purposes of the most superficial student in these unhappy days of knowledge easily acquired and quickly forgotten. Other articles, on the other hand, though very brief, succeed in giving some notion of the subject; and, regarded as a school book, this well printed and fairly well illustrated volume is by no means without merit or usefulness. One serious defect in Dr. Seyffert's Dictionary, as a whole, is the absence of references and authorities, and of indications where further information is to be had on the subject of each article. To some extent this want has been supplied in the present volume by the English editors, especially by Dr. Sandys, but only to a very limited degree. In other respects also the book owes much to its editors; a good many additions have been made by Dr. Sandys, and these additions are, as a rule, superior to the German original in accuracy and in being brought down to more recent standards of knowledge. Of no less value are the additions which Professor Nettleship has made on various subjects connected with Latin literature and antiquities. The result of a careful examination of this joint work is to cause a regret that Professor Nettleship and Dr. Sandys had not started afresh and compiled a new Dictionary unhampered by this rather second-rate German original.

It is always both laborious and unsatisfactory to attempt to correct and improve the work of another writer. In this case a good many errors have escaped the notice of the English editors. A few examples of this may be pointed out. The enlarged form of the silver or rather base metal denarius, which was known as the *argenteus*, was first issued at the beginning of the third century by Caracalla, not at the end of the century, as is stated at p. 61. The bronze statue of Apollo by the Athenian Kalamis was not 120 feet high (p. 108), but only 30 cubits or about 45 feet, as we are told by Pliny (*Hist. Nat.* xxxiv. 39). At p. 395 it is said that "Greek mirrors were unknown to archaeologists until 1867, when the first specimen was discovered at Corinth"; the real fact being that large numbers of Greek mirrors which had been imported into Etruria, together with Greek vases and other purely Hellenic works of art, have been discovered in countless Etruscan tombs during the last century, and even earlier. Former archaeologists used to call these beautiful bronzes "Etruscan mirrors," just as they gave the name "Etruscan vases" to all the Greek pottery which was found in such abundance in the tombs of Etruria. It is, however, easy to distinguish the Greek imports, whether in bronze or pottery, from the very inferior copies which were made by the Etruscans themselves. No. 4, on p. 395, is a beautiful example of pure Hellenic workmanship, which is only slightly disfigured by the names which the Etruscan buyer has clumsily cut on the engraved back of the mirror. In the description of the Greek game of *Cottabus*, at p. 165, no account is given of the most common form of the apparatus for playing, the only one in fact of which existing examples are known. This is a tall bronze rod about four to five feet high, on a stand with projecting feet, the top being frequently surmounted with a little statuette with one hand upraised. On this upraised hand a small bronze disc was carefully balanced, and it was the object of the player to jerk a few drops of wine so as to make the loose disc fall with a good ringing sound on to a larger bronze plate, which was fixed about half-way up the height of the shaft. A good many examples of this apparatus have been discovered in tombs in Central Italy and elsewhere within recent years, and in fact the illustration from a painted vase given in this dictionary clearly represents this form of the game, and not any one of the less common methods of playing which are described in the accompanying article.

There are a good many other cases in which a further revision of the German text is seriously needed; as, for example, at p. 53, where we find the old and now completely exploded theory that the *arché* was an invention of the Etruscans; but, for all that, a great deal of valuable information packed into a very small compass is provided in this dictionary. The illustrations are mostly good and are well selected. We are glad to see that the woodcut

* *A Dictionary of Classical Antiquities—Mythology, Religion, Literature, and Art.* From the German of Dr. Oskar Seyffert. Revised and Edited with Additions by Henry Nettleship, M.A., and J. E. Sandys, Litt.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

of the famous Laocoon group, at p. 342, represents the figures with their upraised arms in the right position, not as they are now, owing to ignorant restoration. The figure of the Choric monument of Lysicrates at p. 369 needs correction, as the square podium on which the monument stands is shown as if it were circular, like the upper portion. Excellent plans of the Athenian Acropolis and of the Propylæa, borrowed from Mr. Penrose and Dr. Dörpfeld, have been added by Dr. Sandys, to whom much of the value of this dictionary in its English form is due.

REDGRAVE'S MEMOIRS.*

THERE is a modesty, a kindliness, a pleasant humour in this short biography which leaves a good taste upon the mental palate. It chronicles no very brilliant achievements in painting, but it describes the life of an honest English artist, popular with his fellows, beloved in his home, hard working while he could work, and patient when, in the fulness of his years, hopeless blindness overtook him. Perhaps, hereafter Redgrave will be best remembered by his little ninepenny manual of harmony in *Colour*, which was first published in 1853; though, of course, his *Century of Painters* is a much more important work, and will continue to be so till it is out of date; but many a modern artist is and will be beholden to the smaller treatise, as one in which a difficult and complicated subject is reduced to its simplest elements. Though Redgrave only died in 1888, his recollections extended back to the time when Hyde Park was enclosed by brick walls, when Belgravia was a wilderness of cabbage gardens, when it was dangerous to walk in the King's Road alone on account of highwaymen, and when doctors were seriously prescribing snail soup for the cure of consumption. There is a pretty pathos in what he tells us of his mother's death—for the snail treatment signally failed in her case—and how she bid her children good-bye, and told little "dirty Dick" always to keep his hands clean and never to forget to say his prayers, which injunctions he faithfully observed. He was still under twelve, and there followed a sad time of poverty and debt at home, hardship at school, injuries to his arms by accidents and mismanagement, and finally the discipline of a Scottish stepmother, which seemed a strange preparation for the artistic profession. At twenty he began to draw from the marbles in the British Museum, and two years later became a student at the Royal Academy. He was soon able to earn a precarious livelihood by teaching drawing, though he sometimes had to walk fifteen miles a day through the suburbs to his pupils, before omnibuses and underground railways were thought of. As early as 1831 he had a picture, the "Massacre of the Innocents," well hung at the Royal Academy; in 1840 was elected an Associate, and ten years later a full Academician. Up to this time he was solely known as a painter of *genre*, but landscape was more to his taste, and he spent his holidays sketching from nature. He built himself a house in Hyde Park Gate—at that time "almost a rural neighbourhood." Fields and shady lanes stretched southward to Brompton, and "in going to town from Kensington it was often necessary to take your place in the coach the day before." Here he lived for the greater part of his life, only varying it by excursions abroad and holidays in a cottage at Abinger. He fell for a time under the influence of Edward Irving, but left off following him when "the manifestation of tongues began in the Irvingite church." In 1843 he married Rose Margaret Bacon, and about the same time made the acquaintance of Samuel Palmer, of whom there are some delightful reminiscences in this volume. Redgrave was early associated with the School of Design at Somerset House which eventually grew into the Department of Practical Art. In 1849 he was appointed Headmaster in the class of colour, and in 1852 Art Superintendent. From this time he was closely associated with Sir Henry Cole. He was engaged in the formation of the collections shown at first at Marlborough House. Thenceforward his life was chiefly taken up with the institutions at South Kensington, and painting became an amusement rather than an employment. His position brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and the notes in his diary are so full of entertaining anecdotes that it is impossible to dip into the book without finding something worth quoting. At the same time his own personality is kept wholly in the background, and his memoirs differ as much as possible from the numerous volumes of similar reminiscences which have been published of late years. He saw much of Landseer, and tells of his painting a stag's head for Mr. Wells in a single morning—"as Mr. Wells was starting for Penhurst Church, the butler brought in a fresh canvas and placed it on the easel for Landseer." Three hours later when Mr. Wells returned the picture was finished. At other times he was remarkable for procrastination, and the habit grew on him more and more to the last. There are many amusing anecdotes about it in the book; and it would seem that latterly he could not even send in his pictures in time for the Royal Academy exhibitions. "The Lion and Lamb," his last, or almost his last, work, was thus too late in 1871; but it would not have done its painter any honour, as it was in a very incomplete condition. He even invoked the aid of the Queen to enable him to set the

rules at defiance. But he was for days at a time "in a state almost bordering on insanity," and died two years later, when Redgrave, as one of the six Senior Academicians, was a pall-bearer at the funeral in St. Paul's. He had been concerned twenty years earlier in a much more remarkable funeral in St. Paul's—that of the Duke of Wellington. Redgrave claims to have designed the car. On the morning of the procession the car was still unfinished, "though several of the men were dead beat; some of them had been at work seventy or eighty hours without rest." The car was in a tent opposite the Horse Guards, and at eight o'clock in the morning the curtains were rolled back, "and the car, with the coffin of the Iron Duke upon the bier, was displayed to the crowds of soldiers drawn up on the Parade." The ground was very heavy with rain, and the wheels sank up to the naves. "Had not the coffin been fixed on the bier with copper wire, it must have slipped off." Some sixty policemen with ropes came to the help of the horses, and the car proceeded safely. Redgrave "walked with it to Charing Cross, but was far too tired to proceed to St. Paul's." The whole strength of the newly established Department of Practical Art had been taxed; and it was as well the school had come into existence, as otherwise a Frenchman employed by Banting would have had the design. Things were not settled till the 24th of October, and the funeral was fixed for the 19th of November. Half a dozen firms were employed at once. "Bramah & Robinson, of Piccadilly, had part; Tyler, of Warwick Lane, had the six wheels; Stuart & Smith, of Sheffield, the figures; Messenger, of Birmingham, the lions' heads. The carriage was made in Chandos Street, Covent Garden."

There are many curious and interesting anecdotes about William Mulready. Redgrave complains, not without justice, that he wasted labour on his subjects. "The Bathers," he remarks, is a monument of love and labour. Who but Mulready could model the form, and make it so complete?—"but I have my doubts if such art is worth its cost, and if it is not sometimes labour without perfecting." He goes on to tell of a visit paid by the Queen to the Exhibition of Students' Works. Some studies of undraped models by Mulready were placed in a room apart. Mr. afterwards Lord, Cardwell was much shocked at these beautiful drawings, and particularly told Redgrave not to take the Queen into that room on any account. However the Queen did see the drawings, was delighted with them, and sent word to the artist that she wished to buy one. Two of the best of these exquisite studies are now in the National Gallery among the water-colours below stairs. At seventy-three he was still working, and told Cole that he found he could not draw half a dozen hands carefully and correctly in pen and ink in an hour as he used to do. "I must restore that power; I must get it up again." In July 1863, when he was nearly seventy-eight, he attended a Committee of the Royal Academy which sat till nearly eleven o'clock at night. "The next morning, at eight o'clock, he was dead." The cause of his death was old-standing rheumatism of the heart. The funeral at Kensal Green was very private. Redgrave attended it, and remarks, "The service, to my surprise, was that of our Church, as Mulready had more than once told me he was of what he termed 'the old religion.' But then he was a hater of the new school of pervers, and he loved charity in such matters. Religious differences were curiously represented at his grave. Hart is of the oldest religion, a Jew, Creswick a Unitarian, there were one or two Roman Catholics, and myself."

It would be impossible to give a tithe of the excellent stories comprised in this book. They relate to everybody of note, and are as remarkable for their good nature as for their delicate wit. We have the other side of the story of the Duke of Wellington and his walk to St. John's Wood to sit to Leslie; the interruptions of Westmacott to Dunbar's story of the lost ring; the account of George IV. in his dressing-room at Westminster Abbey after the heat and fatigue of the coronation, "walking up and down in a state of nudity, but with the crown on his head"; all these and hundreds of others are here set out at length, but we must quote one whole, as it is short:—"Lady Salisbury, in showing me a picture, said to be of Catherine de' Medici, told a story of a housekeeper, who, on going round with a party, when she came to the picture, pointed it out as 'Catherine de' Medici, sister of Venus de' Medici.'"

Redgrave seems to have kept his hands clean amid the jobbery it was so often our task to expose, during the early years of the institutions at South Kensington, and to have acted in some respects as a drag on the wheels of his impetuous comrade, Sir Henry Cole. The two remained friends to the last, but Redgrave occasionally expresses disapproval of his colleague's proceedings. Cole retired from office in 1874 and Redgrave in the following year. His eyesight had failed very much, and he had barely time to finish a catalogue of the Royal Collections when blindness overtook him. On the completion of this task he was made a C.B., having previously declined a knighthood. Altogether, these Memoirs are very pleasant, and even instructive, and the volume, which is only too small, winds up with an excellent index.

* Richard Redgrave, C.B., R.A.: a Memoir compiled from his Diary. By F. M. Redgrave. London: Cassell. 1891.

MAMMALS.*

A STANDARD work on the Mammalia has long been one of the main desiderata of zoological literature. This volume, to which Professor Flower gives the distinguished support of his name, and much of which he has written himself, fully meets with the requirements of students. It is impossible, in dealing with such a subject as this, to say of any work that it is positively final. It is not probable, indeed, that very much will be added to knowledge regarding the living mammals of the world. The geographical range of the quadrupeds is pretty well determined, and few types of a disturbing character are likely to be discovered. The interior of Borneo or of New Guinea may produce new species, but hardly new genera; while even in Central Africa, the only wonder-ground now left to zoologists, it is not very probable that much remains to be brought to light. Since Dr. Andrew Smith, some forty years ago, collected rumours concerning the Ndoodzoo, the creature between a rhinoceros and a zebra, with one flexible horn in its forehead, said to inhabit the region north of Mozambique, nothing more has been heard of that delightful beast; nor have later naturalists collected any information regarding that "hairy man of the woods" which Humboldt heard of as haunting and harrying the upper rivers of Venezuela. Exploration has rather tended to suggest that no remarkable mammalian type remains unobserved in any part of the globe.

This is by no means the case, however, when we turn to the fossils. It is precisely since the addition of living forms to the mammalian fauna began to flag that paleontology has begun, with almost feverish rapidity, to add to our list of extinct genera. The discovery of the remains of Mesozoic animals is a thing of singularly late date. None were known until, in 1847, Professor Pleininger made his celebrated discovery of *Microlestes antiquus* in some sand from the Upper Trias of the Rhetian Alps. It is probable that as geology progresses our acquaintance with the fossil mammalia may become extremely large; and this, and this only, we think, may tend in time to render antiquated the valuable monograph of Professor Flower and Mr. Lydekker. Until that distant day, however, it can fear no rival.

The volume is largely based upon the article "Mammalia," and forty shorter articles, contributed by Professor Flower to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Dr. Dobson, Mr. Oldfield Thomas, and Dr. St. George Mivart have also been laid under requisition, and to Mr. Lydekker has been assigned the task of arranging all this material in due shape and proportion. He is, moreover, responsible for some new generic terms and for a large proportion of the new material relating to extinct forms. An extended fragment of the volume, which is entirely contributed by Mr. Lydekker, is the section on the sub-order Artiodactyla, which includes the pigs and peccaries, the camels, deer, and giraffes, and the tribe of horned cattle. This will be a new term to some old-fashioned naturalists; it forms part, and by far the most important part, of a comparatively new order of Ungulata, created to include the Ruminantia and the Pachydermata of Cuvier. The true Ungulata are now considered as comprised in two sub-orders, Artiodactyla, which we have just defined, and Perissodactyla, which includes the tapirs, the horse, the rhinoceros, and a number of curious extinct forms. This arrangement omits certain perplexing genera, such as *Hyrax*, the elephants, and that fossil monster of the Western Rocky Mountains, *Uintatherium*. For these and other types small sub-orders have been invented, arranged under a general heading of Subungulata. Much of this, without doubt, will prove to be merely provisional.

We do not notice any very revolutionary changes in the arrangement of this volume. In former days, more for convenience than by conviction, the phatagin, the armadillo, the aardvark, *echidna*, and *ornithorhynchus* were all swept together into a general group called Dasypidae, framed apparently to be the wastepaper basket of the mammalia. That cohesion could scarcely be expected to endure, and in the present arrangement we find that the duck-bill and the spiny anteater are divided from the rest, and are promoted to form a sub-class Prototheria with the curious New Guinea *proechidna*; this division contains, at present, no fossil forms which diverge from the existing types. These creatures, as Professor Flower puts it, "represent the lowest type of evolution of the mammalian class, and most of the characters in which they differ from the other two sub-classes," Metatheria and Eutheria, "tend to connect them with the inferior vertebrates, the Sauropsida and Amphibia." In other words, when people were trying to discover in the Platypus the features of a mammal bird, it was for a mammal snake or frog that they ought to have been searching. The other forms just mentioned, such as the sloths and anteaters, are now placed higher up the scale of evolution than the marsupials, and to receive them there has been created a sub-class, Eutheria. To this belong several interesting and curious fossil types, particularly *megatherium*, *mylodon*, and that extraordinary creature, the *glyptodon* of South America, of which Prof. W. K. Parker picturesquely said that "why he failed to keep his ground is a great mystery; nature seemed to have built him, as Rome was built, for eternity."

Special interest must always attach to the classification of

those higher forms which gradually lead up to Man, the ascending staircase at the top of which stands the temple of humanity. Among these, the Primates, the Bats were long included, out of deference to Linnæus, mainly from the number of their upper incisors and the thoracic position of the mamma. With some uncertainty, and a constant feeling that the distance between bats and monkeys was rather a wide one, this arrangement was mainly followed by zoologists, until Professor Huxley absolutely insisted that the former should "merely be regarded as exceedingly modified Insectivora." They now take their place, then, as a distinct order, Chiroptera, filling the gap between Insectivora and Primates. On this point geology has had little to say, and we believe that up to this time no fossil forms of a transitional nature have been discovered, on one side or the other.

As we enter the order Primates in Professor Flower's manual, we miss at the threshold a familiar face. The lowest type in that order has always hitherto been *galeopithecus*, the extraordinary creature known as the flying lemur of the Malay Archipelago. The name is a delusive one, for it is now generally admitted that the creature is not a lemur at all, but what Professor Peters calls "an aberrant Insectivore," and the two known species are now set aside by themselves in a sub-order Dermoptera, at the beginning of Insectivora. But this arrangement is convenient rather than satisfactory, the fact being that *galeopithecus* presents zoologists with a very serious crux. The animal, sometimes called the Calugo, is provided with a hairy membrane, uniting all its extremities, and forming a sort of raft or kite, upon which the animal leaps, or rather floats, for immense distances from one branch to another. It has apparent kinship with the foxes, the bats, and the monkeys, but it is now considered that these relations are all equally illusory, and that its real place is near the shrews and hedgehogs.

Professor Flower has taken, in other respects, a conservative position with regard to the classification of the Primates. In opposition to Milne-Edwards and others, he has rejected the proposal to form separate orders for the Lemurs on one hand and Man on the other. In this he follows the opinion of Professor Mivart. And on this point naturalists will read with pleasure the pages dedicated to a description of the Lemuroidea, a group of extinct animals more or less closely allied to the Lemurs, the existence of which has only been discovered within the last few years. Some of these fossils appear to be links between the lemurs and the marmosets, others present features more reminiscent of the Insectivora. All these types seem, curiously enough, to have disappeared from the Old and the New World with the close of the upper portion of the Eocene period.

Not many years ago it would have greatly scandalized the general public to open a work of this class and to find "humans" treated as a mere family of the sub-order Anthropoidea, the Bimana of Cuvier being swept out of existence. Professor Owen, whose classification led to one of the stormiest personal incidents of the scientific history of our time, thought it proper to divide *Homo* even further than Cuvier had done from the nearest of the apes. In Professor Flower's work, in accordance with the views of Huxley and of Broca, man is not further removed from the chimpanzees than they are from the baboons, or the sapajous from the marmosets. It is, perhaps, not generally known that there existed an ape, now extinct, *dryopithecus*, which was in several respects even nearer to man than the living chimpanzee itself. The chapter which deals with the varieties of the human race—varieties which Professor Flower shrinks from designating as species—is among the most interesting in the whole volume.

The *Introduction to the Study of Mammals* is illustrated by nearly four hundred engraved figures. These cannot be said to form the most attractive, or even relatively the most useful, section. In several cases these illustrations are conventional and old-fashioned; while many of them seem to be worn by excess of use, and are painfully familiar to the memory. We wonder that the Alpine Ibex (p. 352) has the face to present himself to us, and the Southern Right Whale (p. 238) is a dear old friend of our remote childhood. Artistic merit, and, what is still more important, resemblance to the object portrayed, is too neglected in popular natural history.

POEMS.*

FROM King to King consists of a series of very brief dialogues and monologues put into the mouth of the principal historical actors in that most interesting period of English history of which the imprisonment of Eliot in the Tower and the execution of Vane were the first and final scenes. In a short preface Mr. Dickinson indicates the main conception of his book:—"The pages that follow contain an attempt to state, in a concrete form, certain universal aspects of a particular period of history. The tragedy lies in the conflict of reforming energy with actual men

* *From King to King*. By G. Lowes Dickinson. London and Orpington: George Allen. 1891.

Love's Looking-Glass. A Volume of Poems. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

Vestigia Retrorsum. By Arthur J. Munby. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1891.

Rose Brake. By Danske Daudridge. New York: published by the Knickerbocker Press.

* *An Introduction to the Study of Mammals, Living and Extinct*. By William Henry Flower and Richard Lydekker. London: Adam & Charles Black.

and institutions; and it has been the object of the author to delineate vividly the characters of leading actors in the struggle, their ideals, and the distortion of these as reflected in the current of events." Of the scenes comprised in the volume, some are in verse and some in prose. This, though in itself readily justifiable, is perhaps not altogether unconnected with a certain dualism of purpose, which we take to be the fundamental weakness of the book. The author desires to be dramatic, and at the same time to make a contribution to history; he tells us that the dramatic form was deliberately chosen because that of an essay appeared insufficient. We are bound to confess, however, that Mr. Dickinson seems to us to have been too ambitious; and that the value of his work, from the point of view both of literature and of history, has been impaired by the plan he has adopted. Apart from this initial defect, the book is not without evidence of power of thought and of felicity of expression, though rather suggestive of the work of an inexperienced writer. The dialogues are in general too short to allow of the proper development of the situation, or dramatically to exhibit the character and motives of the speaker. What causes this defect to be felt still more strongly is the absence of any connexion between them, except such as is left to be supplied by the reader's knowledge of history. This method of treatment limits dramatic interest to the internal struggles in the minds of the actors themselves at any one particular juncture. Each scene resolves itself into a defence of the speaker's conduct from his own point of view, generally addressed, in the manner of the book of Job, to dissentient friends. Eliot, imprisoned for his opposition to the Crown, feels that in him the King has lost his only true friend. Laud argues with Chillingworth for the supremacy of the Church, convinced that therein lies the safety of the State and Crown. When Prynne and his followers are pilloried—"It is not for libelling me," he says, "that these men are punished, but for libelling through me the Church and the State." Strafford dies with a clear conscience, feeling he is condemned for being too good a servant:—

I was to serve the King, not please his enemies!
I served him, and I die for him to-morrow!
There's my defence.

The unhappy King also, when prisoner and powerless, is still convinced "There never was a king so bent upon his country's good." Falkland is persuaded by Hyde to sacrifice his private inclinations, to leave his country home, and enter the service of the King:—

There shall be one man honest! One whose purpose
By too much thought was vexed, but not perverted;
One who will die unhappy, yet with hope
That somewhere, when these creaking wheels are still,
In more majestic realms of ampler light,
Reason and love being met shall bring to birth
The life our own in mere distortion figures.

The last dialogue between Cromwell and Vane is finely conceived. The latter reproaches his former friend for abandoning the cause of liberty, and substituting a tyranny for a tyranny. Cromwell, deserted by friends, broken by domestic affliction, feared, hated, and left alone to deal with the forces he has called up, and which finally threaten to overwhelm him, still feels he has been true to himself and to his aim:—

Vane, Vane, I lead no party; I lead the cause!
And if I lead, not follow, that's from God,
And under God!

If I have erred—I have. What man has not?
I know I must have, often, greatly! Yes,
But not as you think, not in purpose, never!
And let me tell you, Vane—you ought to know it—
There's more to mar our ends than human error;
The grain of the world is curst; there's flaws and knots;
Plane as you will, you'll never plane it even;
It's hard to blame the workman
Harry, my daughter's dead; and since
This burden's breaking me.

There is a certain monotony in the way all the heroes of Mr. Dickinson's book attribute their actions to the very loftiest and noblest of motives. No doubt history can be looked at from the point of view of each individual actor as well as from that of the spectator. But, however interesting the study of the motives by which the men who have made history have been guided, or have persuaded themselves they have been guided, if we pursue this study very far, its interest ceases to be historical, and becomes psychological. Mr. Dickinson's method of writing history is something like that which Mr. Browning has adopted in *The Ring and the Book*, and justifies the child's definition that history is *his story*—very good till you hear another man's story. When, however, a writer has reached this point, he is passing from the domain of history into that of poetry, and would do better to shake off unnecessary trammels, and claim a poet's freedom of treatment.

The small, though in this edition increased, volume now entitled *Love's Looking-Glass* contains a series of short poems by three different authors. We are told on the title-page that those marked B. in the index are by H. C. Beeching, those marked M. by J. W. Mackail, and those N. by J. B. B. Nichols. The volume contains much good literary work. The subjects of the poems being largely classical, and here and there containing stanzas which are direct translations, give little opportunity for much originality of conception; and the form, though often highly finished and very graceful, does not rise to the level of first-rate poetry in any

one instance. The first poem, called "A Dedication" (by J. W. Mackail, p. 1), has a graceful charm, which reaches its climax in the last verse:—

O sweetest face of all the faces
About my way,
A light for night and lonely places,
A day in day;

If you will touch, and take, and pardon
What I can give,
Take this, a flower, into your garden,
And bid it live.

It is not worth your love or praises
For aught its own;
Yet Proserpine would smile on daisies
Sicilian-grown;

And so beneath your smile a minute
May this rest too;
Although the only virtue in it
Be love of you.

In "The Dry Lake" (by H. C. Beeching, p. 104) there is a considerable weariness, and a sense of melancholy solitude, but it reminds one too forcibly of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" of Keats, of which it is evidently an echo. "The Return of Ulysses" (J. W. Mackail, p. 30) is Homeric in subject and style, and displays considerable ease of versification and descriptive power; a few verses, however, are unfortunately prosaic; take, for instance, the sixteenth verse of the poem, which seems singularly weak:—

But as we entered—how can mortal tell
In mortal words the marvel that befell?
Whether you will believe I hardly care;
I know I should have disbelieved as well.

A few verses back a line ends with the word "indistinguishably"—which we think a word only fit to appear in a German exercise-book. The last four verses are excellent:—

We entered in and at the thwarts sat down;
And at our going all the Scherian town
Stood thronged to speed us: softly in the heat
The water rippled through the oar-blades brown.

And through the palace garden he and she,
Hand clasped in hand, came down beside the sea,
And hailed us one by one with voices sweet,
And bade farewell and all prosperity.

Then our oars dipped together, and the spray
Flashed in a million sparkles round our way,
As we with rowing swift and strenuous
Shot out across the sleeping sunlit bay.

There on the white sea- verge, till all the strand
Grew dim behind us: still I saw them stand
In the low moonlight: if they looked at us
I know not; but they stood there hand in hand.

In the poem called "Half-way in Love" (J. B. B. Nichols, p. 128) we recognize the dramatic lyric which since the early days of Robert Browning has become a characteristic form of modern poetry. It is good of its kind, but might more appropriately have been called "Half-way out of Love." Several of the songs in this volume have true tenderness of feeling, and a poetic fancy, though they are wanting in the thrill of genuine inspiration, and seem rather the elaborations of a refined, thoughtful student, than the outburst of a song from a singer who cannot keep silent.

Mr. Munby's new volume of poems differs in style and subject-matter from his previous works. Unlike them, the poems in *Vestigia Retrorsum* are not written in dialect, and do not deal with the labouring classes. They are lyrical, descriptive, and reflective, and express the author's own thoughts on the social problems and questions of our day. Apparently he takes a very pessimistic view of the changes which have been wrought through the advance of science, and our new political conditions. He would seem to attribute the increase of large manufacturing towns, with their sad effect of marring the beauties of our natural scenery, to a want of artistic appreciation of these beauties in those who have left fields for factories, villages for cities. In his first poem, written in elegiacs, he describes the beauty of the Vale of Medway in the glory of spring; he gives us careful pictures of peaceful country life, the river with its gleaming islands, the fields with their toiling men and women, the seashore, the red roof'd villages, the views from hill and vale and lawn. Then he draws the opposite picture of the gloom and ugliness of town life, and ends with a fierce anathema on those who refuse to return to the rural habits of their forefathers:—

Nay, if they will not turn, there is blackness of darkness before them;
Lurid with lights that lead only to uttermost hell;
Insolence sapping their wealth, and cowardice offer'd for courage;
Knowledge that is but a name—bastard of folly and pride;
Peace trodden down by war; divine Humility dying;
Reverence shamed with scorn; Love going out in despair.

If this fate is really to attend all those who live in towns, they are much to be pitied, and we cannot help feeling that the condemnation is not quite just.

The descriptive poems in the book show a careful study of nature, and a genuine love for it, though they seem to fall short of the highest beauty through an absence of any subtle fitness, perfect adaptation in the particular scene described to the general

thoughts of the poem. We also find in these descriptions certain conventional expressions which have become common in modern poetry since the days of Charles Kingsley, but which are singularly meaningless and absurd. For instance, such expressions as "innocent fields," "innocent Nature." In the poem called "Will" the author gives us a satirical sketch of the modern attitude of father to son, and woman to man. No womanliness in woman, and no faith, or gratitude, or reverence in man, are the evils which he would have us believe are the curse of our time.

Oh! fool, we have done with the Past,
And the Future is formless and vague;
But the Present, the Present, will last,
All else is a snare and a plague.

Belief? Look at Jonah of old
(You know that ridiculous tale?);
Well, we've got rid of creeds; and behold,
Our Jonahs can swallow the whale!

In his sonnet entitled "A Dead Queen," Mr. Munby boldly quotes Tennyson's lines "A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." In a serious poem this appears rather a confession of weakness, and inability to express your own thought in your own way, and it seems scarcely fair on the original to introduce the line of one poem into another of a different metre.

In the small volume of poems entitled *Rose Brake* there are some pretty verses, but destitute of much power or originality. They are mostly of a fanciful nature, dealing with fairies and woodland elves. In "The Wood Demon" a certain ballad simplicity and swing has been caught, but these beings of an imaginary world are not necessarily poetical or interesting. They are made so by great perfection and beauty of language, or by an undercurrent of greater thoughtfulness than lies on the surface, and in this volume the fairy element seems rather pointless and feeble. In some of the last poems subjects of greater interest are attempted, but not with greater success. "The Last Night," for instance, is tragic enough in conception, but so weak and ineffective in treatment that it does not touch the feelings or stir the imagination.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MM. LECENE & OUDIN, who seem to be acquiring the position of publishers by brevet to all French critics, have just issued a volume of lectures, originally, we believe, delivered to ladies by M. Maurice Albert (1), a critic and the son of a critic. The subject is interesting, for it extends from the end of the old literature to the beginning of the new. M. Albert dwells somewhat unequally upon his characters, being, as, indeed, is natural, most copious on Chateaubriand, and, next to him, we think, on Vigny. In so far as we have examined M. Maurice Albert's criticism, we should call it well informed and interesting. We do not always share his admirations—for instance, for that ill-blooded and rather pinchbeck-metalled heroine, Mme. Roland—and we sometimes miss in him the indefinable something which we can only call critical "grasp"—the faculty which, without, perhaps, using very many words about a person or a book, shows by its manner of handling that it has taken in the whole of him and it. But this faculty is very rare, and it is, perhaps, difficult to show it in writings or discourses addressed to not very well-informed hearers or readers. Such readers will learn a good deal from M. Albert, and will learn it agreeably; while even others, we think, may read him with profit.

The short description of M. de Roberty's book (2) informs us that it "détruirait certainement chez bien des esprits sincères la foi aux doctrines en faveur." Alas! it is so easy (especially in philosophy) to destroy doctrines, and so hard to put anything in their place. Yet it would be unjust to quarrel with a critic on this score, and M. de Roberty is a very well-informed critic, as, indeed, his former books have well shown. The sincere minds may therefore read him with confidence, and even the others with edification.

G^{al}. B^{on} de Marbot (3) (as he is called in the beautifully simple and logical system of French abbreviation, in which English printers, and for the matter of that English writers, make such blunders) played but a subordinate part in the Napoleonic wars, and very likely his name may be strange, even to students. But he saw a great deal of fighting in many interesting affairs, from the siege of Genoa onwards, and his memoirs—which appear to have been written for his family, and not for publication, some sixty years ago—promise well. We shall hope to give them a fuller notice when they are completed.

There was a good deal of what French excellently calls *guignon*, while we have to content ourselves with the general term ill-luck, in the life of Changarnier (4). He was born just too late to see anything but the tail-end of the great war. He served during the whole of his manhood in Algeria, where he did very good service, but somehow without getting quite the credit due to him, and, for part of the time, being in the always awkward position of mentor and whipping-boy combined

to a prince. He put down the insurrection in Paris admirably, only to find the thanklessness of success in civil war. Then the *Coup d'état* exiled him still in the vigour of his age, and though his conduct in exile, and afterwards, was strictly honourable, he perhaps committed the fault of holding too much aloof from all parties. Just before the war of 1870 he refused a marshal's bâton; and we do not know that the Emperor could be much blamed for in turn refusing when Changarnier applied for a command. He then attached himself, without command, to the army, was shut up in Metz, and, without having the power to prevent it, may be said to have shared to some slight extent in that disaster. Some honours came to him later, but not of a satisfactory kind. He was always, however, honourable and patriotic, and a good (he never had the opportunity of showing himself a great) general. And he deserved the volume which M. d'Antioche has devoted to him.

Two novels of more than usual merit, by two of the most promising of younger French novelists who have not the mark of the beast on them, lie before us. The practice of linking one book to another, though, or perhaps even because, it has been followed by great writers, is rather a dangerous practice. It may, however, be said in M. de Tinséan's favour that *Sur le seuil* was itself worth reading, and that the plot of *Plus fort que la haine* (5) is not by any means so strictly connected with that of its predecessor as to necessitate the reading of it. It is only necessary to know that the Count de Senac after "peripetias" has married Thérèse de Quilliane, an heiress, who has been on the very point of taking the veil, and whose marriage, though fully approved by the Church, has therefore scandalized devotees and scandal-mongers. The marriage is more than *bon*, it is *délicieux*; but the exclusive devotion of the pair rather adds to the offence they have given, and something of that "trouble in the flesh" which the Apostle puzzled posterity by predicting in cases like theirs comes on them. The chief outward part of it (there are inward parts too) is the conspiracy by which a *parvenu* neighbour of Senac's all but brings him to ruin—ruin which is only prevented by something like a *deus ex machina*. The book is a little unequal, but very good in parts. M. Foley's (6) resembles it in having rather a melodramatic termination, but not otherwise; and, with less interest of character, has perhaps even more of story. A beautiful wicked grass-widow puts herself out to board with two maiden ladies in the country, in order to carry on an intrigue with a young composer, Jacques de Syme. Foiled by her husband's sudden appearance, she attempts to compromise Geneviève Aubert, the younger of her hostesses, and with such success (though Geneviève is not only innocent, but ignorant of the plot against her) that Syme finds himself obliged by the French code of honour to propose to the young lady. She, thinking that he really loves her, accepts, only to be horrified by his coldness after marriage. Then a decidedly interesting "guerre de femmes" (M. Foley manages this well, but he must be careful not to give it us too often) is engaged, and is won by the wife even before the aforesaid melodramatic ending frees her from all danger. 'Tis a good book, and the wicked Lydie is delightfully natural.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE new edition, revised and enlarged, of the Catalogue of the Halliwell-Phillipps *Shakespearean Rarities* (Longmans) is published by Mr. Ernest E. Baker, and forms an imposing volume. Nevertheless, most people will agree that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps thought much too highly of his collection when he desired his executors not to sell it for less than 10,000*l.*, except to the Corporation of Birmingham, which was to have it for 7,000*l.* Even the smaller sum was not forthcoming, and as we look through the list of "Rarities" we are not surprised. The collection is divided into early engraved portraits of Shakespeare, authentic personal relics, documentary evidences, and topographical views. Among the portraits is a proof of Drosshout's engraving. The personal relics consist of some title-deeds, but they do not bear the great dramatist's signature, and it is difficult to see their great value. Not every one will be interested in the signature of "Thomas Greene, the poet's cousin," or of "Thomas Combe, to whom he left his sword." The best objects are a few early editions of plays; but in the preface to the first edition of this Catalogue Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps expressly disclaims any "critical study of the poet's text." In the Catalogue itself, and, indeed, on the very first page, there is a curious misprint. A book is thus described:—"Spenser's Faerie Queene, 1609, and the Shepherd's. Calendar, 1611." There are a good many old views of what Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps called "the Birth Place." They show how ill the restorers have treated the cottage. It was the one tangible relic of Shakespeare's lifetime left, and is said now to be somewhere in the United States of America, the house shown at Stratford being entirely new.

In *A Short History of the British School of Painting* (Sampson Low) Mr. George H. Shepherd has carried out a useful object, and we are glad to see his book in a second edition.

Modern Cremation; its History and Practice (Kegan Paul), is the title of a very interesting treatise by Sir Henry Thompson, of

(5) *Plus fort que la haine*. Par Léon de Tinséan. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Bonheur conquis*. Par Charles Foley. Paris: Perrin.

(1) *La littérature française sous la Révolution, l'Empire et la Restauration 1789-1830*. Par Maurice Albert. Paris: Lecene, Oudin, et Cie.

(2) *La philosophie du siècle*. Par E. de Roberty. Paris: Alcan.

(3) *Mémoires du général Baron de Marbot*. Tome 1. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Changarnier*. Par le Comte d'Antioche. Paris: Plon.

which a second and enlarged edition is before us. Without expressing any opinion as to cremation in its moral or religious aspects, it may be worth while to quote Sir Henry Thompson's opinion that 80,000l. a year are spent on the interment of 52,000 bodies, and that 2,572,580 cubic feet of gas are emitted to poison earth, air, and water. *Drinking Water and Ice Supplies* (Putnam) is a small treatise by Dr. Prudden on the numerous dangers which may lurk in a glass of water or a pail of ice. Any one who reads this little book will understand that it is not necessary to go to a chemist's shop for a dose of poison, as most of us have plenty ready at hand. He has found in the Spree below Berlin 10,180,000 bacteria in one cubic centimetre of water. There are twice as many in the water used for the floating laundries on the Seine at Paris. There are plans showing the different ways in which water can be contaminated, and a good deal of useful information is supplied.

Trade Marks (Kegan Paul) is a technical treatise on the registration, protection, and infringement of Trade Marks, by Mr. J. S. Salaman. The subject is very complicated, but so far as we can judge, Mr. Salaman has dealt with it in a clear and exhaustive manner.

The Making of Flowers (S.P.C.K.) is the attractive title of Mr. Henslow's little book. It is crowded with interesting facts, and will successfully invite many to a study of botanical science. We may congratulate the Society on an improvement in their bindings.

It is not very easy to understand the object of *A Guide to the Choice of Books* (Stanford). Mr. Acland, the author, is a Gladstonian M.P., and so, we may suppose, has some leaven of that doctrinaire desire to dictate to everybody which is so conspicuous in the journals of his party. Nor do we agree that he has always chosen the best books to recommend to his readers, who are, presumably, thirsting to set up and furnish reference libraries. Passing over the section relating to Dictionaries—from which, by the way, we observe that all Oriental and Semitic languages are omitted—we come to Antiquities and Archaeology. Under Egypt we have books by M. Maspero, Mariette, and M. Perrot and Chipiez. This seems a deficient list. Have no English writers studied Egyptology? The Art section is equally deficient. We have eight volumes by Mr. Ruskin, which, though they may teach pretty writing, will not teach painting; and the *Elements of Drawing*, his one practical book, is omitted. Similarly in Architecture there is a great deal of Ruskin, but hardly anything practical. The Index is very complete; and, allowing that any one is likely to resort to a book of this kind to guide his choice, we may recommend a well printed and beautifully bound volume.

The History of the Rebellion of 1745, by Robert Chambers (Chambers), is a new edition of an interesting and well-known book, in painfully small type.

Essays in Politics (Kegan Paul) is a volume in which Mr. Roylance Kent studies some of the political questions of the day from a constitutional and historical point of view. He treats of sovereignty, federalism, social legislation, and other similar topics, in an eminently lucid and interesting manner. A chapter on the institutions of Switzerland is particularly valuable. Mr. Kent treats "Home Rule" with silent contempt. We like the story of the agricultural chemist of South Carolina, "who, shortly before the civil war in America, was shown the Ordinance of Secession, and was asked what he thought of it. He replied, 'That's not what South Carolina needs; she needs manure.'"

Rambles in East Anglia (Jarrold) is a pleasant little book, in a somewhat awkward narrative form, about the "Broad District" of Suffolk and Norfolk. Archaeology is so much neglected, that it is sometimes difficult to understand why Mr. Brittain's heroes travelled at all.

Two translations of French books on the English Constitution are of interest at the present time. The first relates to the land question, and is by M. de Coulanges—*The Origin of Property in Land* (Swan Sonnenschein)—with a prefatory chapter by Professor Ashley on "The English Manor." In this essay Mr. Ashley treads on dangerous ground when he tries to trace the manorial system to a Roman origin; but his views are clearly stated, and are worth reading, if only from an historical point of view. M. Boutmy's treatise on *The English Constitution* (Macmillan) is translated by Miss Eaden, and has an introduction by Sir Frederick Pollock, who says that we have here the frank and lucid record of the impression made by the peculiar course of English constitutional changes on a foreign observer of exceptionally good intelligence and information. M. Boutmy is opposed to the idea that our Constitution had its origin in ethnical rather than purely historical sources, and thinks there is too great a tendency to look upon the English nation as a race which after the passing crisis of 1066 recovered its old identity. It will be seen that both these books are the natural recoil of the pendulum from the extreme views which have been predominant here for nearly half a century. The truth probably lies between the extremes; but we cannot quite accept Mr. Ashley's Roman origin of manors.

Mr. Alfred Austin has collected a number of his *Lyric Poems* (Macmillan) into a volume, which he dedicates in some graceful verses to Lady Windsor. One of the longest pieces is "A Defence of English Spring," a poem which cannot have been written this year. If Mr. Austin does not belong to the very highest order of poets, he at least rhymes with a cheerful note all the year round, like the robin redbreast. In another volume, dedicated in high-flown prose to Sir J. E. Millais, Mr. Austin pub-

lishes a series of *Narrative Poems*, some of which are very sweet, but the majority too wordy.

Beyond the Bourn, "Reports of a Traveller Returned from the Undiscovered Country" (New York: Fords & Howard), by Amos K. Fiske, is a specimen of the large class of attempts to guess at what lies beyond the grave. To succeed such books must have some quality greater than any we can discover in Mr. Fiske's narrative. *Echoes from the Tin Trumpet* (Glasgow: Bryce) is a delightful selection from Horace Smith's now more than half-forgotten two volumes, first published in 1836. *Anecdotes, Aphorisms, and Proverbs* (Griffith & Farran) is a compilation by a septuagenarian of a large number of "good things," some of them new to us, many of them contrariwise "chestnuts."

We have received *The Battle of the Books*, by Swift (Cassell); *Low's Charities of London* (Sampson Low) for 1891; *Railway Accounts and Finance* (Bemrose), by J. Alfred Fisher; Cassell's *New Popular Educator*, Vol. V. (Cassell); and the current number of Macmillan's *Manuals for Students*. This forms a closely-packed treatise, by T. Jeffrey Parker, Professor at Otago, in New Zealand, on *Elementary Biology*. On somewhat the same subject, but very differently treated, is Dr. Camilo Calleja's *General Physiology* (Kegan Paul), which is described on the title-page as the physiological theory of Cosmos; a rectification of the analytical concept of matter, and of the synthetical concept of bodies, resolving the problem of all objective knowledge.

We have also received *Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher* (Glasgow: Maclehose), by Henry Jones. In the same way that, at a flower show, a pansy is judged by its circularity and a gooseberry by its weight, so poets who write, not to put prose into poetry, but to cut up philosophy into metrical sections, must submit to be treated rather as teachers than as poets. Mr. Jones discusses Browning's religious and moral teaching; and no doubt this book will be very popular with the Society which occupies itself with these subjects. With Mr. Jones's notes we may class a volume of very different notes, namely, illustrative sketches of scenes and heroines, under the title of *A Few Impressions from the Poems of Robert Browning* (Kegan Paul), by Miss Emily Atkinson. Some of these drawings are very pretty, but there is a want of reality in them—they have neither bodies nor bones. We have also received *The Universal Strike of 1899*, by William Oakhurst (Reeves); the *Coroner's Understudy* (Bristol: Arrowsmith), by Captain Coe; a second edition of *They have Their Reward* (Allen), by Blanche Atkinson; *The Angel in the House*, by Coventry Patmore (Cassell); *Marcia* (John Murray) and *Heaps of Money* (Smith & Elder), new editions of Mr. Norris's novels; *Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland* (Edinburgh: Thin), by John Sinclair; and a reprint of Professor C. D. Yonge's *Life of Wellington* (Ward & Lock).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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